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SIXPENCE.



A MILITANT MINISTER: M. PELLETAN PREPARING HIS SPEECH ON THE SEASHORE AT CALVI, CORSICA.

DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. BEGG.

(See Next Page.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

No observant foreigner has noted that ours is the country where lost causes never die. You may say that the Stuart cause is dead; yet we have Jacobite Leagues. I could mention several political notions which have had their day; but they still command drums and trumpets. Compulsory education was believed to have killed the idea that an illiterate England is a guarantee of sound sense and good behaviour. That idea comes up smiling in an article I have just been reading in a morning paper. The writer says the rural population, when it could neither read nor write, was "shrewder, wiser, and better" than it is now. Education has destroyed manners, and made the people irreverent. It was not pure ignorance that ensured reverence in the good old times, but the stick, as wielded by the local schoolmaster, who was the farmer's neighbour, and not above drinking with him at the public-house. Nowadays the teachers are stuck-up strangers; and if they lay hands on refractory pupils the parents will not stand it.

This advocate of illiteracy tells us further that reading does no good to country lads; they complain that it makes their heads ache. Yet these aching heads learn from books to despise agriculture, and aspire to city clerkships. So many village lads are turned into city clerks that there are not enough hands to wield the pitchfork and guide the plough. You will hear a variant of this ancient complaint in town. I have often been assured by expert housewives that since Mary Jane was educated above her station, domestic service has gone to ruin. In America there is the same evil; but there it is ascribed to the Declaration of Independence. Here the derangement of any particular industry is put down to the bad influence of compulsory schooling. Farmers' daughters, says the apostle of ignorance, are impertinent to their mothers. Small boys betray a lamentable greed of gain, and the lowest conception of commercial morality. A hundred years ago England was a Garden of Eden, which the serpent of knowledge had not entered, except, perhaps, as a very small and comparatively harmless snake.

Turn to Professor Dewar, and you learn that England's chief danger is not over-education, but the lack of it. Her great competitors in the world do not spare the aching heads of their youthful villagers. They multiply schools and universities; they show a disquieting ingenuity in the application of technical knowledge to industries. The Englishman who believes that practical common-sense is the complete guide to success is surprised to find that theories worked out in laboratories are robbing him of supremacy in several manufactures. I have read somewhere of a young German chemist who offered his services to an English firm, and was politely assured that he was not worth two pounds a week. Chemistry was of no value to Messrs. Podsnap and Co., who haughtily waved it into oblivion. But it refuses to be forgotten; it makes itself felt in foreign competition. By a strange freak of climate, education in some countries stimulates invention; here it makes village heads ache, ruins manners, and spreads discontent. The *Times* backs Professor Dewar, and declares that if Britain should decay, she will owe her fall to an obstinate refusal to strengthen her intellectual equipment. We strengthen that equipment at present by wrangling about catechisms.

About a century and a half ago Voltaire made his famous observation that England possessed thirty religions and only one sauce. Dr. Parker, I notice, seems to think that we are approaching uniformity in religious thought. Heterodoxy, he says, does not flourish as it did; there is no enthusiastic public for audacious vagaries. And yet we have seen in the last week or two the revival of an absurdity grosser than that of Joanna Southcote. Let alone, it might have dwindled away in obscurity; but it has been made a newspaper sensation, and invested with the dignity of persecution. It illustrates a truth, remarked by a contemporary of Voltaire's, that if a man preaches any nonsense with sufficient force, he will attract a following. In the present case, he is said to have remarkable eyes. So had the gentleman in Mr. Gilbert's play, who was good enough to veil his too potent orbs with green glasses. In a recent novel a reprobate discovers that by tattooing two lines near the outer corner of each eye he can make himself irresistible. The successor of Joanna Southcote has no need to resort to such an expedient. He has only to stare fixedly at his congregation, and they straightway forget what little education they ever had. When such folly is still possible in the twentieth century, it is plain that, for the training of the reason, our educational system leaves much to be desired.

Foreigners do not observe our eccentricities as keenly as they used to do. Here is Mr. Chauncey Depew writing in the *Pall Mall Magazine* chiefly for the

purpose of extolling the stability of our institutions, and especially the organised routine of the London traffic. Perhaps Mr. Depew remembers that he comes from a country not distinguished for the repression of aberrations. An electric tram-car nearly slew the President of the United States on the plea that he was blocking the way. As a compatriot of Mr. Roosevelt's, Mr. Depew admires the spell which the London policeman's uplifted Hand casts upon the wildest charioteer. Of course, we are all proud of that Hand, which belongs to the insignia of a law-abiding people; but some of us are a little tired of these incessant tributes to its majesty. Its historic origin is interesting to students. In the Corporation archives of the City of London, I believe, it is traced back to the hand of that Lord Mayor who smote the arch-obstructor of the traffic, Wat Tyler. Centuries, you see, were needed to raise it to its present altitude of authority and freedom. But it is surely time that we produced something else for Mr. Depew to praise, something more immediately typical of the modern spirit, say a solution of that problem of the motor-car which threatens us with a conflict between Science and the Justice of the Peace, the veritable conflict predicted by the ancient philosophers, who asked what would result from the concussion of an irresistible force and an immovable object!

Meanwhile, with an energy that does them credit, the Pedestrians have formed a League. They are resolved not to be put down by motor-cars or any other vehicles. Mr. Depew will note with pain that the awe-inspiring Hand is not considered a sufficient safeguard in our thoroughfares. It is not always there: sometimes it is claimed for the commonplace uses of knife or fork, or the harmless, necessary jug. The progress of invention has not yet given us an apparatus from which, when the agitated Pedestrian drops a penny in the slot, will emerge an automaton policeman with a gigantic Hand, mechanical but subduing. So there is a League, and every member, I suppose, will glare with scornful independence at the nervous citizens who drive in hansoms. Whenever I sit in a hansom, at least a dozen people saunter under the horse's nose, or within a hair's breadth of a wheel, and look at me with an "I'm-as-good-as-you" expression, which adds greatly to the terrors of the journey. I have horrible visions of running over some leisurely wight, and then taking him to a hospital, pursued by members of the League making hostile demonstrations. Gladly would I join the League, and wear a badge of office, but that the horrid necessity of having to drive sometimes in a hansom might cause my fellow-members, lingering in the middle of the road, to cry "Shame!" It is a perplexing situation, and when I look to an enlightened foreigner for counsel he does nothing but fall into ecstasies over that glorious but tiresome Hand.

The quaint diction of Mr. Barrie's play, "Quality Street," shows how time plays havoc with our standards of refinement. At the beginning of the nineteenth century ladies were flattered to hear themselves described as "elegant and respectable females." What would happen to a man who used such a phrase in a drawing-room to-day? "Elegant" has almost passed out of the language; "respectable" is applied to servants; "females" figure usually in the police-court. Miss Phœbe Throssell, about the year 1815, yearns for a ball that she may "inspire a frenzy in the bosoms of the males." We never mention "males" now, except in statistics of the population. Ask your companion at a dinner-table if she likes the society of "males," and she will wonder where you were brought up. In his earnest appeals to Phœbe, Captain Valentine Brown never fails to address her as "Ma'am." To-day nobody says "Ma'am" except the parlour-maid, and she calls it "Mum," or reduces it to a scarcely audible sound, as in "Yes'm."

To be sure, the characters in "Quality Street" are country-bred, and the country manners of that period were more precise than the manners of the town. The majestic Miss Pinkerton did not teach Amelia Sedley and Rebecca Sharp to talk about the "bosoms of the males." Jo's Sedley did not address Becky as "Ma'am." Amelia was rather prim, but she did not curtsy to visitors, as the Misses Throssell do in the play. Thackeray knew something about the military of that time; but the manners of Captain George Osborne were not in the least like the manners of Captain Valentine Brown. Captain Brown was considered "dashing" by the Misses Throssell; but what would have been thought of him at Gaunt House, or even in Russell Square? Gentlefolk from the country must have been scandalised even in those days by the reckless airs of London breeding. Now they write to the papers to tell us that manners, rural as well as urban, have been killed by compulsory education. And yet we shudder at the word "females" in conversation as a breach of propriety! And if any lady were to speak playfully about the "bosoms of the males," she would be reported in the servants' hall as lost to all sense of decorum!

A MILITANT MINISTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The Pelletans do not quite belong to what Madame Floquet some years ago called "the Republican nobility"; their pedigree in that respect cannot compare for length with those of the Carnots, of the Cavaignacs, of the Casimir-Périers, or of the Kestners. Nevertheless, the father of the present French Minister of Marine, Eugène Pelletan, who died in 1884, was an irreconcilable adversary of monarchies and empires from his very youth. His son, M. Camille Pelletan, whose utterances at Ajaccio and elsewhere have caused such a stir in the European Press, joined his sire while the latter was still in the vigour of his age in consolidating the "fabric of hate against despotism" he had raised. While scions of the aristocracy signalled their majority by cutting off the entail of this or that estate, young Republican Camille Pelletan celebrated his by incurring a month's imprisonment for an offence against the Press laws of the Second Empire. This was at the beginning of 1870, when the delinquent was about twenty-four; and the courting of incarceration for the sake of expressing one's Republican convictions or opinions—the reader may take his choice—seemed even to many Republicans a gratuitous and unprofitable sacrifice of personal liberty. To these academic Republicans of the very outer ring, the Empire, in spite of its rumblings heard within, seemed too firmly established to be over-toppled by speeches, writings, or constitutional agitation in the Chamber. The Republicans "behind the scenes," with Thiers at their head, knew, however, that sooner or later Napoleon III., in his restless playing at political cat's-cradle with Bismarck, Beust, and Victor Emmanuel, would make a noose for his own neck, that a third Republic would pick up, merely to kick out of the way, the body of the strangled Sovereign, and that the Republicans would enter the land of promise flowing with the milk and honey of fat berths and luscious sinecures. Those who had the hall-mark of persecution under the previous régime upon them would naturally have the preference for such berths.

During the last few weeks it has been frequently stated by the French, and by the English with less knowledge than the former to justify the statement, that M. Camille Pelletan, when becoming a Minister, could not forget his recently abandoned profession as a journalist, that the sensational utterances were simply as the breath of his nostrils, and that, debarred from printing them or from retailing them as a member of the Government from the rostrum of the Palais-Bourbon, he flung them "in a lump" upon the winds of publicity on the occasion of his Ministerial, though but semi-official, travels. The statement is probably correct, for M. Camille Pelletan is, like his father was before him, too brilliant and clever a journalist ever willingly to forget even for a moment his profession. It was because the father and the son shone so gloriously in that respect that in 1870 they proved the exception to the hunters of fat berths and luscious sinecures; consequently, in the narrowest meaning of the term, Camille Pelletan's imprisonment had been a gratuitous sacrifice of liberty. In spite of this, he and his father declined office merely as a reward for their Republicanism, and though the elder replaced Jules Simon for a couple of days as Minister, he as well as his son continued to write, Eugène Pelletan meanwhile being elected to the National Assembly.

It would have been a pity had it been otherwise; it is a pity that M. Camille Pelletan did not adhere to the original decision of his father to keep away from the Ministerial bench. Literature was hitherto the gainer; for literature is ingrained in the Pelletans, and not only literature of the highest class, but learning of some calibre. Men endowed like these may succeed tolerably well as Deputies. Under those conditions their speeches are beyond the control of official censure, and their doings do not compromise any Government or party, whether they support or oppose it. The fate of Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine—with whom I would not otherwise compare the Pelletans—did not teach the younger one to ignore the Ministerial portfolio. The author of "Les Misérables" was Minister of Education once for a couple of hours. All these men of poetical and literary temperament—and in this instance one may include the Pelletans—think they can emulate Thiers and Guizot. A rider once fell off a horse; since then everybody who falls off a horse is a rider. Neither Thiers nor Guizot had a bit of poetry in his literary temperament; they trod the Ministerial road with unfaltering footsteps. Men like Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, are on stilts, and they will not fit these steps.

And thus it came about, first of all, that Camille Pelletan, after eleven years of most brilliant work as a war-correspondent, descriptive Parliamentary reporter, and political leader-writer, was also bitten with the mania of being a legislator. In how far Georges Clemenceau, the proprietor and director of *La Justice*, whose editor Camille was, contributed to foster the ambition, it would be difficult to say. Pelletan had the choice of two constituencies, and chose the provincial. Like his journalistic chief, he was a free-lance, owing no allegiance to any party, but going even much further in his advanced ideas than the dangerous controversialist who sat for Montmartre and afterwards for the Var. Camille Pelletan had always boldly maintained the necessity for the separation of Church and State. It was that item of his political programme that caused his inclusion in the Administration of M. Combes. It is his constant opposition to M. Rouvier's financial measures that will cause his exclusion from the Cabinet when the latter succeeds the persecutor of nuns and priests, which succession can only be a matter of weeks. But how much better it would have been had M. Pelletan followed the example both of his father and Georges Clemenceau, who, knowing that their programmes were impracticable, but highly diverting in theory as enunciated from the platform, contented themselves with such successes without "kicking" at the opinion that "the speakers must not be taken seriously"!

PERSONAL.

It is officially announced that members of the Order of Merit shall write the letters O.M. after their names. These will take precedence of the Order of the Bath, but will follow the Order of the Star of India. This should make correspondents of eminent persons very careful in the specification of dignities. But how many of us will remember that O.M. goes before C.B., but follows C.S.I.?

The Belgian papers pay little attention to the death of their Queen, but very much to the unhappy differences between the King and Princess Stéphanie. The Princess was the widow of the unfortunate Archduke Rudolph, and married Count Lonyay against the wishes of her father. She desired to attend the obsequies of her mother, but was repulsed by the King. It is a most unpleasant piece of family history to be forced on public notice.

In the Cape Parliament Sir Gordon Sprigg denied that he had entered into any compact with the Bond. He was resolved to maintain the Imperial supremacy. Several Bond speakers concurred in this sentiment, but Mr. Sauer sneered at the Dutch loyalists as "National Scout" Dutchmen, and a colleague of his demanded that rebels should be compensated for their losses.

Sir William Walrond has suggested that when Parliament meets next month the Government will assent to a compromise on the Education Bill, by which Nonconformist ministers will have access to Voluntary schools for religious teaching, and Episcopalian clergy to Board schools. It is contended, however, that even this arrangement will not suffice without the removal of religious tests from the teaching staff of the Voluntary schools.

It is stated by the most militant representatives of the Nonconformists that they do not regard the constituencies as competent to settle the Education question. Should the issue be submitted to the electorate, and should the judgment be unfavourable to the Nonconformists, they will refuse on the plea of conscience to obey the law.

The proposed Conference between Irish landlords and representatives of the tenantry seems unlikely to be held. Lord Barrymore has refused to take part in it, and the Duke of Abercorn has followed suit. These noblemen were supposed to be favourable to the scheme.

Mr. Secretary Hay has startled Europe by inviting the Powers to press upon Roumania the fulfilment of her obligations under the Berlin Treaty. Roumania bound herself to grant civil rights to her native-born Jews, and this pledge has not been kept. Great Britain sympathises with Mr. Hay, but there is no indication that the lead will be followed by any other Power, and the German Press is roundly abusing the United States for meddling interference.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Lecky, and other distinguished persons have expressed strong sympathy with the Roumanian Jews. There was still stronger sympathy with the Armenians, but we know what came of that.

The London theatrical managers have issued a protest against what they hold to be the vexatious demands of the County Council. They claim that alterations made in the interests of public safety in theatres shall have a reasonable period of trial, and not be succeeded by fresh and even contradictory impositions whenever the Council changes its Theatres Committee or its architect.

Mr. Joseph Storrs Fry has conceived the happy idea of enabling the army of workpeople employed by Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, to celebrate the Coronation by inviting them to a substantial tea, followed by various entertainments, at Colston Hall, Bristol. The married men have been asked to bring their wives, and the guests will total somewhere between five and six thousand. To cope with this immense number at one time was obviously impossible, so the guests have been divided into three parties, each of which will be entertained in turn—on Sept. 29 and 30 and Oct 1.

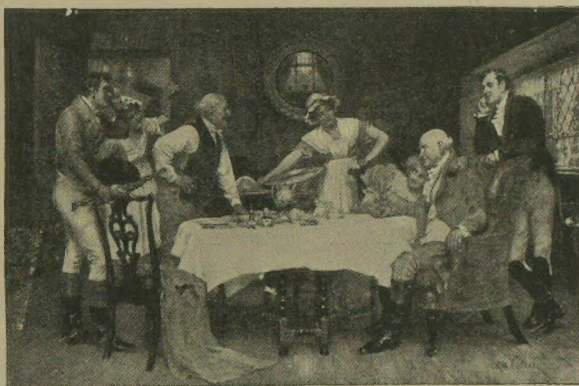
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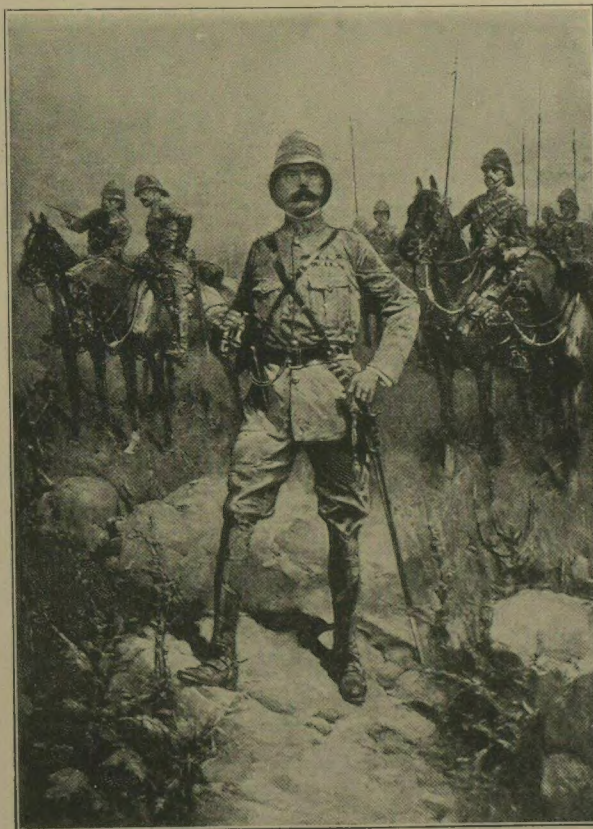
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 THURSDAY.—1 p.m., "Coronation Ode" (Elgar), Hungarian Fantasia (Liszt), "St. Christopher" (Parker); 8 p.m., "Hiawatha" (Coleridge-Taylor).

FRIDAY.—1 p.m., "Trauer-Marsch," "Götterdämmerung" (Wagner), Requiem (Berlioz), "Kilde of the Walkyries," "Wotan's Abschied" (Wagner), "Bergliot" (Grieg), Overture, 1812 (Tchaikovsky), &c.; 8 p.m., "Emperor Concerto" (Beethoven), Polish Fantasia (Paderewski), Overtures, Songs, &c.
 SATURDAY.—2.30 p.m., "Messiah."

Vocalists: Mesdames Albani, Agnes Nicholls, Clara Butt, Alice Lakin; Messrs. William Green, Charles Saunders, Andrew Black, Plunket Greene, and Watkin Mills.
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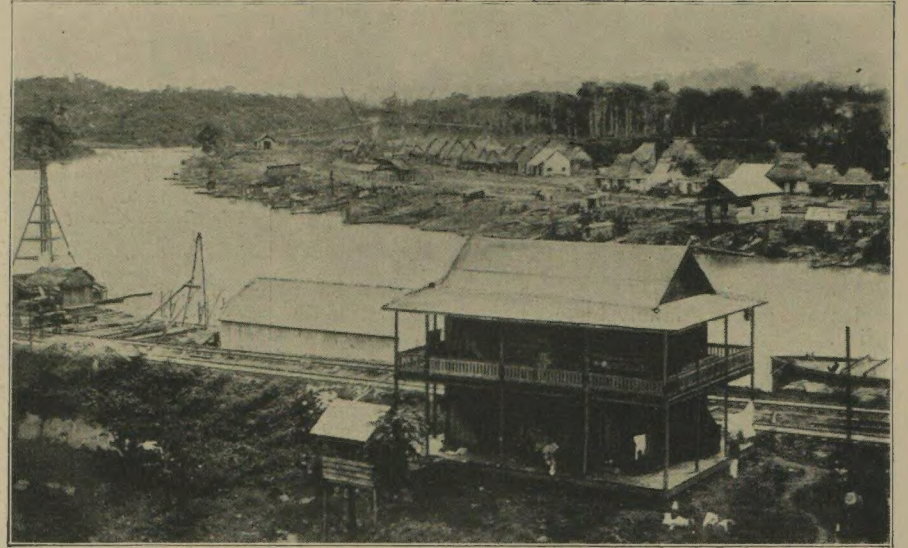
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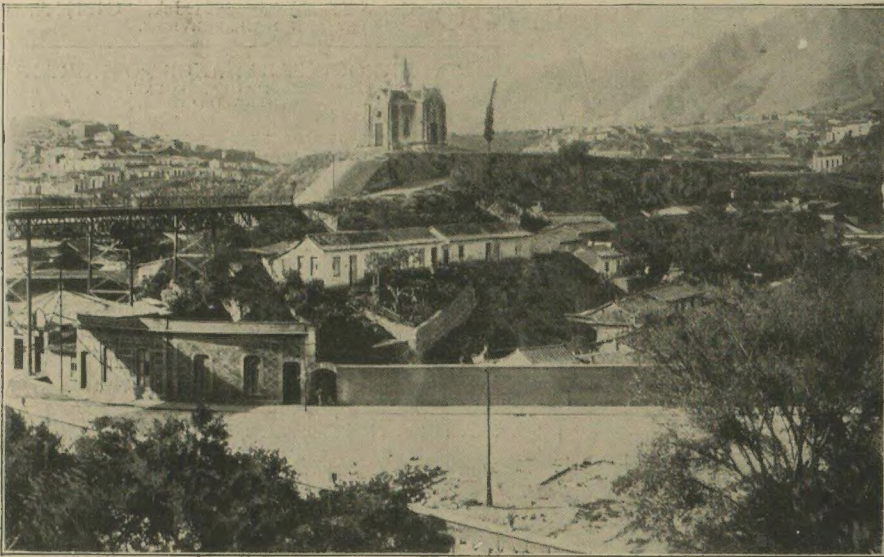
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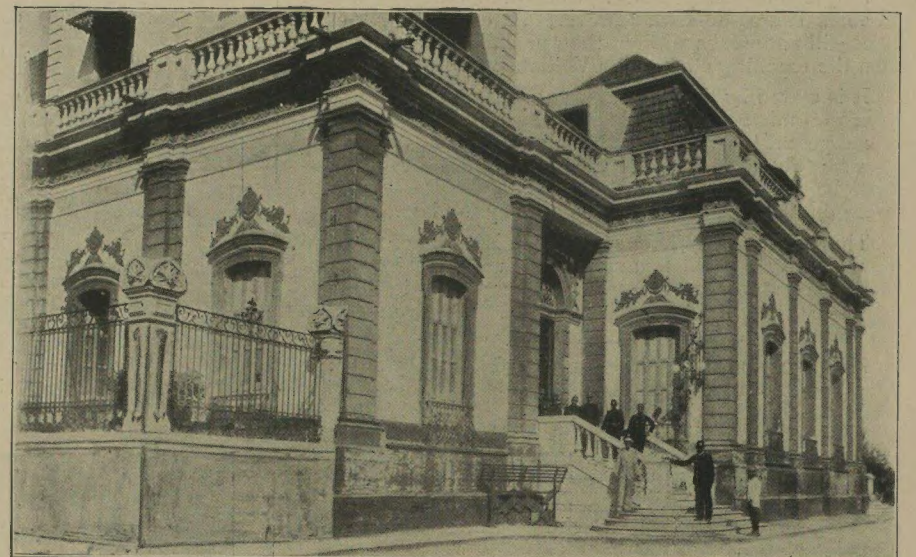
THE ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF COLON, NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE UNITED STATES.



THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE PANAMA CANAL.



CARACAS, THE CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA.



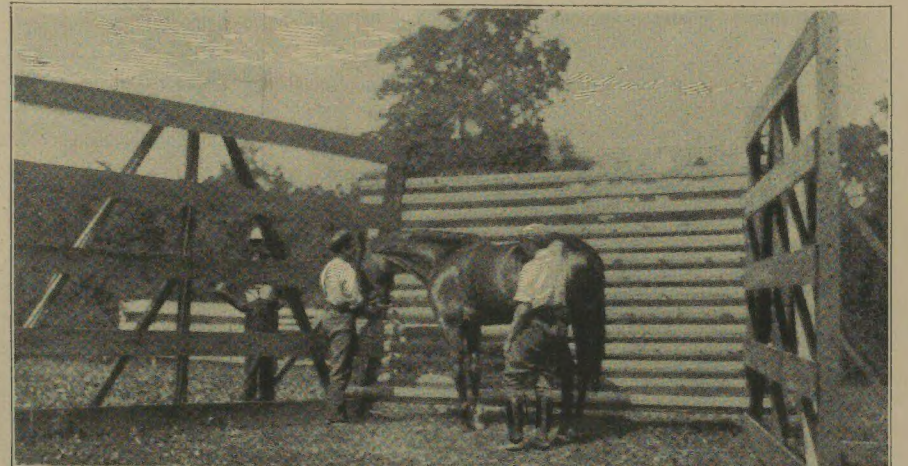
MIRAFLORES, THE PALACE OF THE DICTATOR CASTRO AT CARACAS.

THE DISTURBANCES IN SOUTH AMERICA: SCENES IN COLOMBIA AND VENEZUELA.



A RECORD JUMP FOR A HORSE: HEATHERBLOOM CLEARING 8 FT. 1 IN.

Heatherbloom, the property of Mr. Howard Willets, recently made the record high jump of 7 ft. 4 1/4 in. at the Chicago Horse Show. Within the last few days she beat her own record by clearing 8 ft. 1 in.



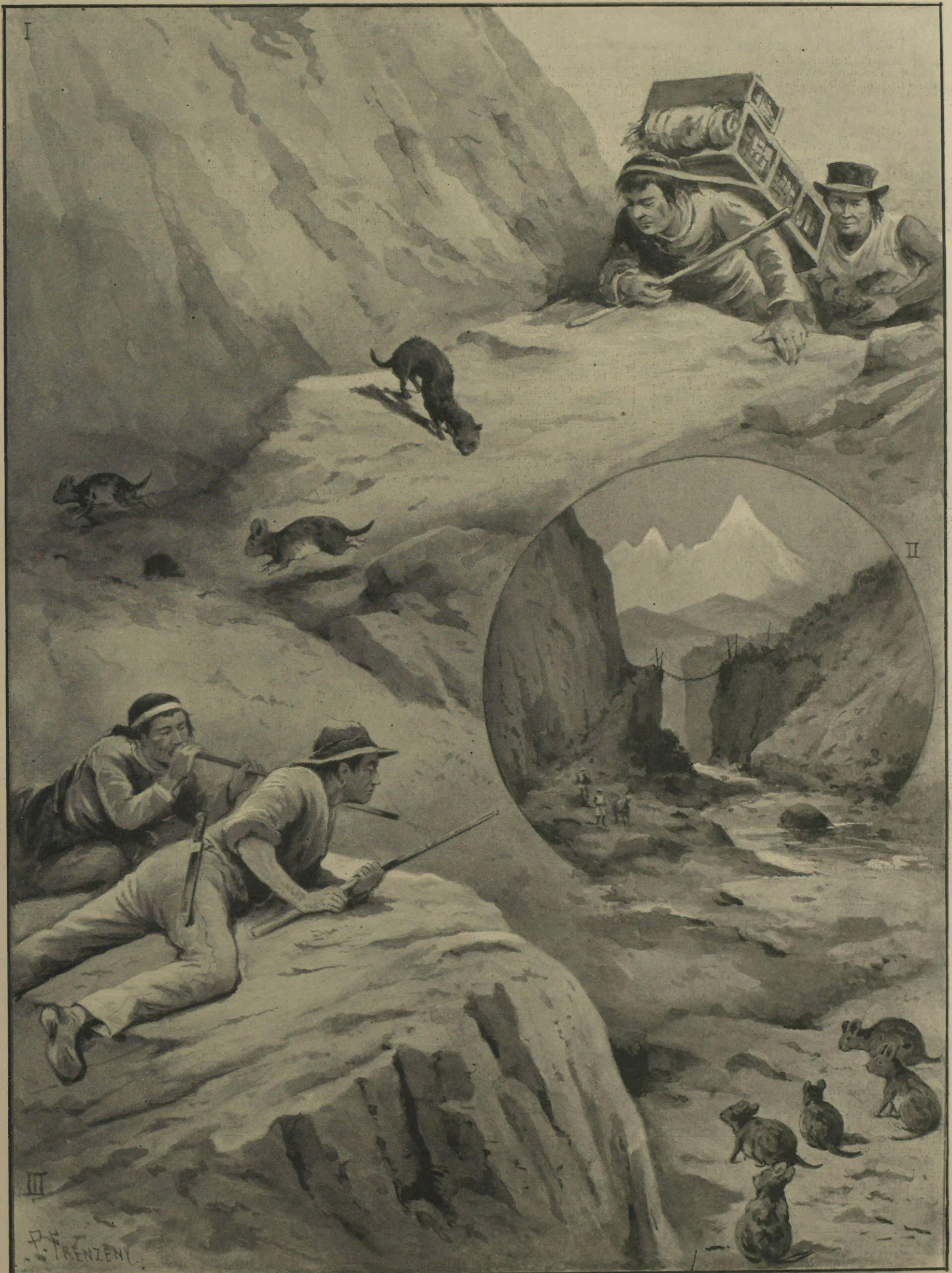
HEATHERBLOOM AGAINST THE BARS, SHOWING THE PROPORTIONATE HEIGHT OF THE RECORD JUMP.



THE NEW SANDON BASIN AT LIVERPOOL: THE S.S. "OCEANIC" IN THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE DOCK.

FUR FOR THE EUROPEAN MARKET: KILLING THE CHINCHILLA IN THE ANDES.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.



1. HUNTING WITH A FERRET.

2. THE HOME OF THE CHINCHILLA IN THE ANDES.

3. SHOOTING WITH A BLOW-GUN AND DARTS.

The Chinchilla is only met with in the Andes of Bolivia, Ecuador, Peru, and Northern Chile, and is never found under a height of nine or ten thousand feet. The Indians are eager trappers and hunters of the little animal. The skins are well seasoned with salt and made up into small packages for despatch to the towns.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ROYALTY IN SCOTLAND.

After bidding farewell to the Queen at Ballater Station on the day of her Majesty's departure for Denmark, the King and the Prince of Wales drove to Glenmuick, where they were the guests of Sir Allan Mackenzie at a grouse-drive. The Premier and Lord Kitchener arrived at Balmoral Castle on the following day, and on the Thursday took part in a deer-drive on Abergeldie, with his Majesty and the Prince of Wales. The weather was delightful, and good sport was obtained. The distinguished guests left on the next day.

THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL WATSON.

Rear-Admiral Burges Watson, C.V.O., who died of pneumonia at Malta on Sept. 21, became, last year, second in command of the Mediterranean Squadron in succession to Lord Charles Beresford. He was born on Sept. 24, 1846, and entered the Navy in 1860. Six years later he was promoted Lieutenant; became Commander in 1879; Captain in 1885; and Rear-Admiral in 1899. In 1896 he was appointed Superintendent of Pembroke Dockyard, and afterwards to a similar position at Malta. Rear-Admiral Watson was a Naval A.D.C. to Queen Victoria. The flag-ship *Ramillies* should have left Malta to rejoin the Squadron on the day of the Admiral's death, but her departure was postponed on account of his illness.



Photo, S. J. Allen.
THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL B. WATSON,
Second in Command of the Mediterranean
Squadron.

THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE FOR DENMARK.

The Queen and Princess Victoria, accompanied by the King and the Prince of Wales, left Balmoral on Sept. 16, and drove to Ballater in a carriage drawn by four grey horses and preceded by two outriders. A guard of honour of fifty men of the Cameron Highlanders, under Captain Adlerson, saluted their Majesties on their arrival at the station, and they were received on the platform by the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of the County, Colonel Innes, and several other directors and officials of the Great North of Scotland Railway. The royal party immediately entered their saloon, and the King and the Prince took an affectionate leave of the Queen and the Princess. Aberdeen was reached after a run of sixty-five minutes, but there was no formal reception or demonstration, the public being rigidly excluded from the platform. Here the train was handed over to the care of the North British Railway Company, and the journey resumed after a stop of only five minutes. Dalmeny Station was reached at twenty minutes to four—ten minutes late, owing to the train having been slowed down on the Tay and Forth Bridges in order that her Majesty might better view the surroundings. The Queen was met by Lord Rosebery, the Earl and Countess of Hopetoun, Commodore the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, and Admiral Sir H. F. Stephenson, and drove to Dalmeny House, where she took tea. At half-past five the party left for the Hawes Pier at South Queensferry, driving by way of Hawes Brae. The pinnace of the *Victoria* and *Albert* was in waiting, and conveyed her Majesty to the yacht, the hoisting of the Royal Standard and the firing of a royal salute from the battle-ship *Anson* and the cruiser *Galatea* marking the moment when she stepped aboard.

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

The reassuring reports of the morning caused the sudden death of Marie Henriette Anne, Queen of the Belgians, on Sept. 19 to come as a surprise to the citizens of Brussels, and it was with difficulty that they credited the sad news. The late Queen's life was shadowed by the clouds of many sorrows. In 1863 the death of her son, the Count of Hainault, gave a blow from which she never completely recovered. Later, the tragic and

mysterious death of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, husband of the Princess Stéphanie; the death of Prince Baldwin; the fire at the Castle at Laeken, in which many treasured relics were destroyed; and finally the rupture caused by the marriage of the widowed Princess Stéphanie to Count Lonyay, combined to fill her cup of bitterness to the brim. Born in the Palace of Schönbrunn on Aug. 23, 1836, the daughter of the Archduke Joseph, for many years Palatine of Hungary, and the Princess Marie Dorothée of Württemberg, she married the heir to the Belgian throne when she was only seventeen, and had issue: Prince Leopold Ferdinand, who was born in 1859, and who died ten years later; Princess Louise, who married Prince Philip of Coburg; Princess Stéphanie, Consort of the late Prince Rudolph, and now Countess of Lonyay; and Princess Clémentine, who is unmarried. She took no public part in the affairs of the nation, but she set a notable example as a model wife and mother, and her charitable deeds, many of them anonymous, will be long remembered. The gift of eighty thousand pounds voted by the Belgian Chamber on the occasion of her silver wedding was, at her request and with the King's assent, handed to the fund for the relief of injured workmen and their families, "the wounded in the wars of labour." Her Majesty came most prominently forward as a benefactress of the people, however, during the cholera epidemic of 1865 and 1866, just before and just after her consort's accession to the throne. She was passionately fond of horses, was a skilled whip, and frequently drove her own team from Laeken to Aerschot and back, a distance of sixty miles, in order that she might be present at the ceremony in the Pilgrimage Church of Notre Dame de Montaigu. The place on the road from the Château d'Ardenne where she contrived to turn the wheelers in her four-horse team when the leaders went over the cliff into the Lesse is still a recognised sight. Her patronage of Spa, where she converted a hotel into her summer residence, and where, in company with the Princess Clémentine, she spent several months of the year, quite revived the prestige of the old-time watering-place.

THE HOME-COMING OF THE "TERRIBLE."

The return home of the *Terrible*, Captain Percy Scott, after its historic commission, caused quite a flutter of excitement at Portsmouth on Sept. 19. The yachts on the line of route dipped their flags as she approached, and the boys of the *St. Vincent* training-ship cheered her heartily. The absence of any "official" welcome was remarked. The men of the *Terrible*, it will be recalled, played a prominent part in the South African War and during the Boxer disturbances in China. After paying off, the vessel will be thoroughly overhauled, and it is believed that four additional 6-in. guns in casemates will be fitted aboard her.

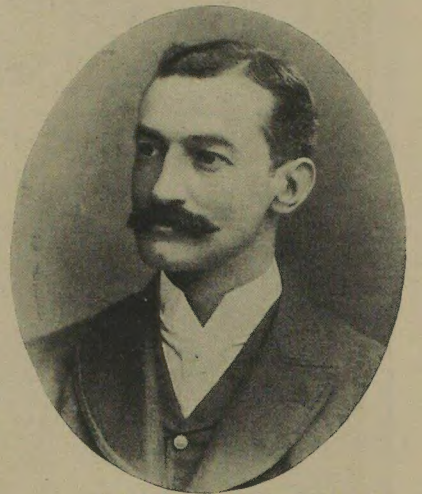
NATURAL GAS IN SUSSEX.

Heathfield, the centre of the crammed-poultry district, is likely to become a place of some importance to British industry. In 1894, when a well was being sunk by the Heathfield Hotel, gas issued from the boring in sufficient quantity for the workmen to boil their kettles by it. Two

water-seekers, but in no other part of the country has there yet been evidence of any such supply of gas as this of East Sussex. Except for a slight smell of petroleum, the gas is odourless, and its analysis is given as 72½ per cent. of marsh gas, 5½ per cent. of higher hydrocarbons, 4 per cent. of carbon monoxide, and 18 per cent. of oxygen. Its calorific value is high, and as used at Heathfield railway-station with incandescent mantles it has proved excellent for domestic use. Sussex was once the great iron-producing county of England, and was only left for want of the fuel now at hand in the natural gas. Lovers of the Wealden scenery may well look askance at any prospect of a revival of the old iron-works, but the fact remains that the company has acquired the mineral rights of over 300 square miles.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF SANDHURST.

Colonel Gerald Charles Kitson, who has taken up the duties of Governor and Commandant of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, *vice* Lieutenant-General Sir E. Markham, retired, was recently Military Attaché at the British Embassy at Washington. He entered the Army in 1875; has been D. A. A. G. at Meerut, A. A. G. at Umballa; served at Manipur in 1891; and has been Commandant of the Military College at Kingston, Canada. Colonel Kitson was born on Oct. 6, 1856, the son of the late Rev. J. B. Kitson and Harriet Buller, and was educated at Winchester. His C.M.G. was awarded to him last year.



Photo, Johnston and Hoffmann, Calcutta.
COLONEL G. C. KITSON, C.M.G.,
New Governor of Sandhurst.

AEROSTATION IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

Londoners had the unique opportunity of seeing an air-ship afloat over their city on Sept. 19, when Mr. Stanley Spencer safely steered his navigable balloon from the Crystal Palace over Dulwich, Herne Hill, Clapham Junction, Victoria Bridge, and the South-West of London to Ealing, and finally to Harrow. The aeronaut, whose vessel we illustrated in this Journal while it was under construction, has been successfully demonstrating the power of his invention for the past three months, but this was the first journey of any length undertaken; and his absolute confidence in the machine has been amply justified. While in the neighbourhood of Herne Hill, Mr. Spencer caused the air-ship to perform numerous evolutions—darting downwards, as though falling to the earth; suddenly arresting the descent, and again rising. At Ealing, which was reached at five o'clock, an hour after the start, similar manoeuvres were gone through over the principal thoroughfares. The course was then altered to north-east, and a safe landing was effected near Harrow. Three days later Count de la Vaulx, accompanied by M. Castillon de Saint-Victor, M. Laignier, of the French Navy, M. Hervé, the engineer whose patent "deviator" plays so prominent a part in the experiments, and Duhanot, the mechanic, started from the aérodrome at Palavas-les-Flots, near Montpellier, in his balloon "Méditerranéen II," in a second attempt to cross the Mediterranean. The balloon, which was provisioned for several days, was escorted by the torpedo-destroyer *Epée*, and was attached to a floating buoy or "deviator," which kept it at a uniform height of 100 ft. above the water and, to a certain extent, made it possible to regulate the direction of the flight. Some two hundred pigeons were used to keep up communication with the shore. At ten o'clock on the morning of



Photo, Crisp.

THE COMING DURBAR AT DELHI: H.M.S. "RENOUN," WHICH IS TO CONVEY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT TO INDIA.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught is, of course, going to India as the representative of the King.

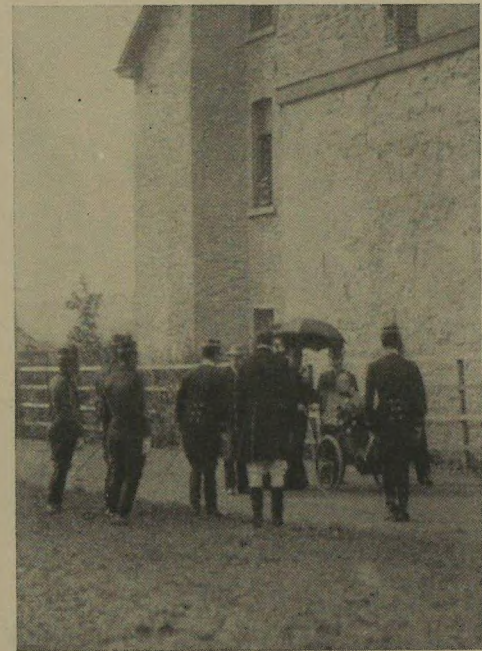
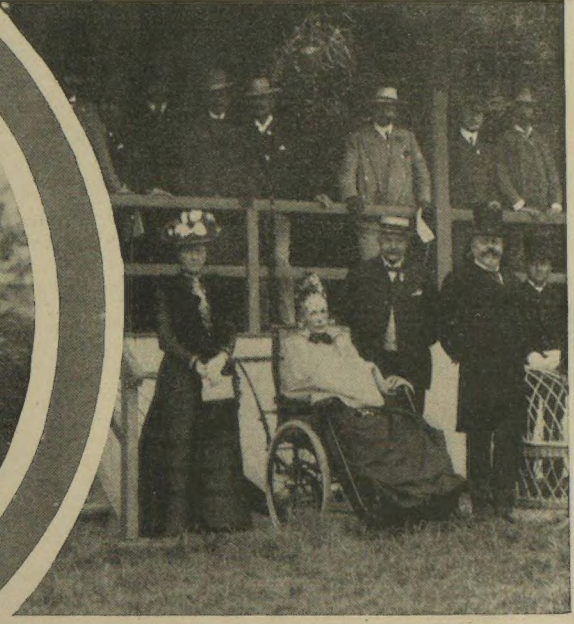
years later the gas was again met with in boring for water at one end of the down platform of Heathfield Station, and this time its discovery attracted some attention. The gas was used to light the station, and later to drive an engine for pumping purposes. Recently a few people woke up to the real possibilities of the case, and The Natural Gas Fields of England Co. (Limited) was formed. The work of boring is going on night and day. In one borehole, which is 400 ft. deep, there is a pressure of 200 lb. to the square inch, and it is estimated that ten such holes could supply all the gas required by the towns on the London, Brighton, and South Coast and South-Eastern and Chatham Railways. The Kimmeridge clays have often been bored through by

Sept. 22 the balloon was sighted by the captain of an Italian vessel twenty-five miles south-east of Palavas. Eventually, however, a contrary wind caused the attempt to be abandoned, and the balloon was brought to earth at Marseillan, between Certe and Agde.

THE KELANTAN QUESTION.

Kelantan, the alleged occupation of which by the British has caused so much excitement in France, where it is sought to shake the friendly relations existing between England and Siam, is the largest Malay province paying tribute to the King of the latter country. It is situated near the east coast on the river of the same name. Kelantan is the capital of a petty State.

THE LATE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS: HER MAJESTY IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE.



THE QUEEN DRIVING HER TEAM.

FRENCH OFFICERS WHO HAD TAKEN PART IN THE SPA HORSE SHOW BEING PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY

HER MAJESTY'S FAVOURITE HORSES.

HER MAJESTY IN HER PARK, WITH THE COUNTESS OF FROISSART, BARON GOFFINET, AND THE COUNT OF NIEULANT.

HER LATE MAJESTY MARIE HENRIETTE, QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

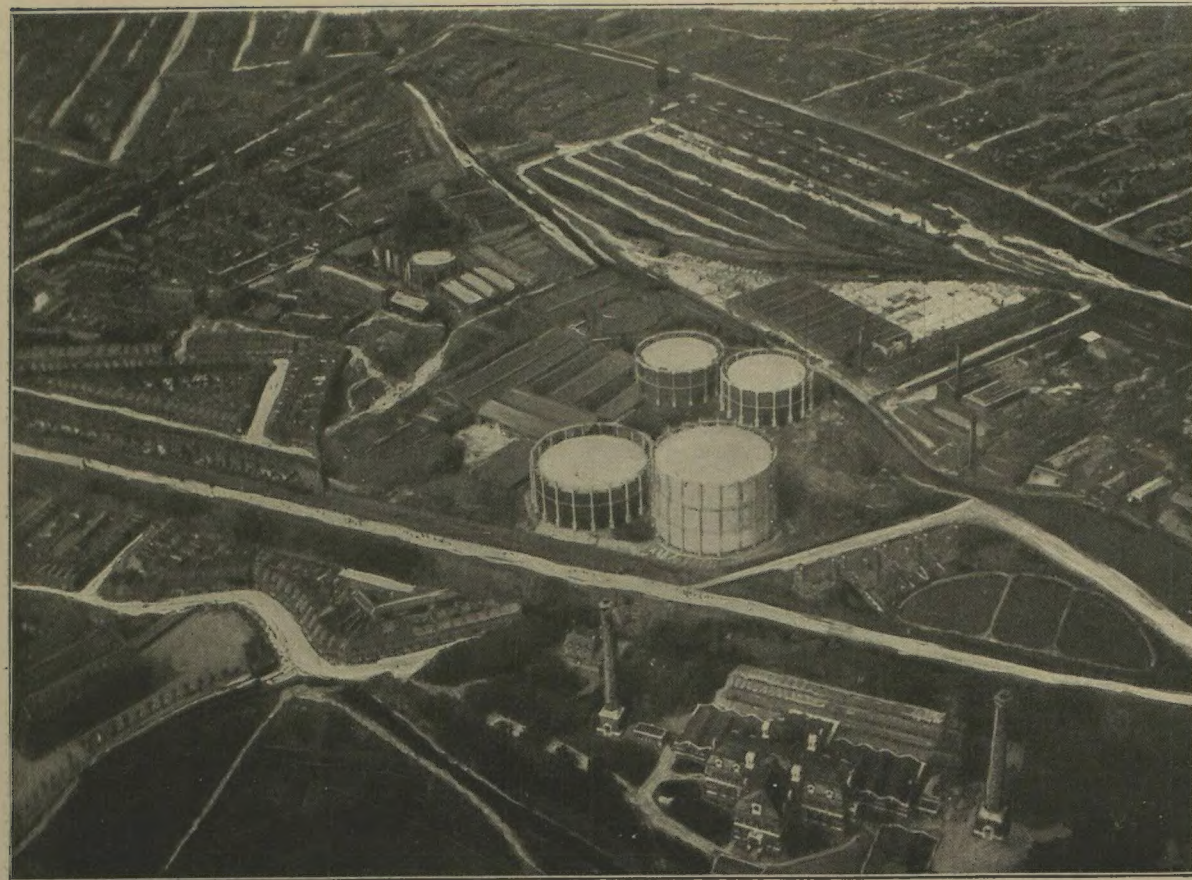
HER MAJESTY AT THE SPA HORSE SHOW.

HER MAJESTY ATTENDING THE PAPER-CHASE OF THE MUNICIPAL GUARDS IN THE BOIS DE LA CAMBRE, BRUSSELS.

HER MAJESTY, WITH PRINCESS CLÉMENTINE, AT THE LONGCHAMPS FLOWER SHOW.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM AN AIR-SHIP OVER LONDON.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS BY MR. STANLEY SPENCER, 'THE AERONAUT'



EAST HAM GAS-WORKS, TAKEN FROM A HEIGHT OF 1000 FT.



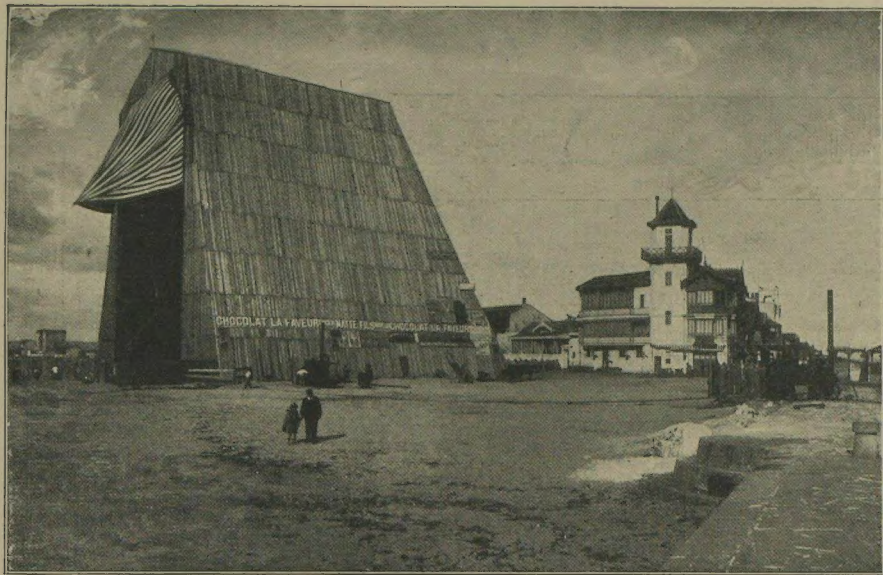
GREENWICH HOSPITAL, FROM A HEIGHT OF 1500 FT.



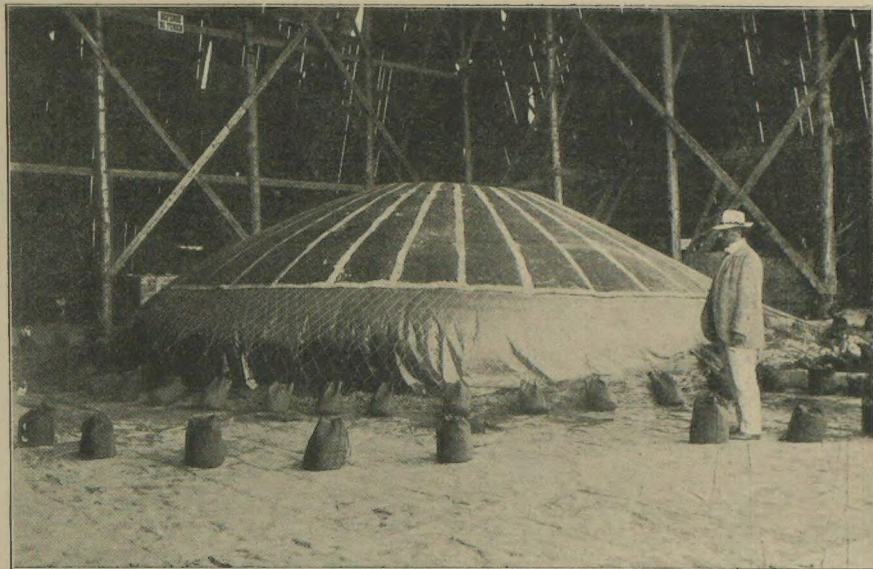
BETWEEN GREENWICH AND THE POOL OF LONDON.



HIGH ROAD, KILBURN, AND THE RAILWAY TRACKS FROM A HEIGHT OF 1200 FT.



THE WEST SIDE OF THE AERODROME AT PALAVAS-LES-FLOTS, NEAR MONTPELLIER.



COUNT DE LA VAULX WATCHING THE INFLATION OF HIS BALLOON, THE "MÉDITERRANÉEN II," IN THE AERODROME.

THE COUNT DE LA VAULX'S SECOND ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN BY BALLOON.
(SEE "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS")



Photo. Russell.

MR. STANLEY SPENCER ABOUT TO ASCEND.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OVER LONDON IN AN AIR-SHIP.

London was crossed by an air-ship for the first time on September 10, when Mr. Spencer steered the Mellin navigable balloon from Sydenham to Harrow. M. Lachambre, who constructed M. Santos-Dumont's air-ships, was present to wish the English aeronaut a successful trip. Some unique photographs of London, taken from the air-ship, appear on the opposite page.



Photo. Russell.

MR. SPENCER ABOVE THE CRYSTAL PALACE GROUNDS.



Photo. R. Banks.

THE ARRIVAL OF SIR GEORGE WHITE AT THE TOWN HALL.



Photo. R. Banks.

THE FINAL DISPLAY AT THE TOURNAMENT AT HULME BARRACKS.

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT MANCHESTER, OPENED BY SIR GEORGE WHITE.

Sir George White is seated in the back of the carriage, and is wearing a grey suit and light hat.

THE END OF A HISTORIC COMMISSION.



THE RETURN OF THE "TERRIBLE" TO ENGLAND, SEPTEMBER 19.

1. CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT COMING ASHORE.
Photograph by Cribb.

2. THE FAMOUS SCOTT GUN-CARRIAGE.
Photograph by Cribb.

3. THE ARRIVAL OF THE "TERRIBLE" AT SPITHEAD.
Drawn by F. T. Fane, our Special Artist at Portsmouth.

4. H.M.S. "TERRIBLE" FLYING HER PAYING-OFF PENNON.
Photograph by Symonds.

5. THE CAPTAIN'S PET DEER.
Photograph by Biograph Co.

MISS BROCK'S DIPLOMACY.

By W. PETT RIDGE.



Illustrated by Gunning King.

"AND all things taken into consideration," said the young woman, disturbing with the end of her parasol the monogram which her companion had drawn with his stick on the gravel, "I've come to the conclusion that it's better we should say good-bye. For the present, Ted, at any rate!"

"What you mean is," here he paused and looked straight before him across the roadway of Park Lane, "that you want to give me the sack." She gave a little shudder, and placed her white-cotton gloved hands to her ears with a tardy effort to shut out the vulgarism. "You mean to drop me like a hot potato."

"If you could have learned to talk like what I do," sighed Miss Brock, "it might have been so different."

"You've only picked it up since you've been in service in Clarendon Place. 'Fore you went there you didn't aspire not one h in twenty."

"Never you mind about that, Ted," she said, hurt; "that's *my* business!"

"And us two coming from the same village down in Kent," he said, taking off his bowler hat and examining the lining closely, as though hopeful that it might contain a solution of the difficulty, "I was always naturally enough in 'opes that we should stick to each other through thick and thin."

"What is to be will be," said Miss Brock with fatalism.

"We can make it what we jolly well like."

"Ah," she said with a sigh, "if you were as strict a chapel-goer, Ted, as you used to be in the old Wateringbury days, you wouldn't talk like that."

"I should have thought you'd quite forgotten those times."

Miss Brock rose from the seat, because another couple had arrived at the other end, and were listening to the dispute with interest. Her companion followed her example; and together, but not

very closely together, they walked up towards Marble Arch.

"You quite understand, Ted?"

"We've been going on so long," he replied slowly, "that it's a bit difficult to realise it. I don't know how I shall manage without you."

"You're not very sharp," said Miss Brock, "but I daresay you'll pick up with somebody else in a few years. I'll send back your presents as soon as I can find some brown paper and a piece of thick string."

"I'll get yours back somehow to your place."

"No hurry," she said. "Any time will do."

They had to cease talking for a space because the

raucous voice of an orator interrupted; crowds in semi-circles forced them to go slightly out of their way. The young man, absorbed in thoughts, blundered against a small group debating something in an undertone, and for a moment lost sight of Miss Brock.

"Thought I'd lost you."

"'Oped you had, you mean," he said desolately.

"You'll take it to heart, I daresay," she remarked.

"It's all for the best."

"If I do take it to heart," he replied stolidly, "I shall take jolly good care not to show it. I suppose," he went on—"I suppose someone else has cropped up."

"If you must know," said Miss Brock modestly, "a Mr. Eldridge. Our cook's his sister."

"Society person, then?"

"He's a plain-clothes gentleman in the C Division," retorted the young woman hotly, "and that's a jolly sight better than being merely a cad who paints up names over shops. So there now!"

"You used to tell your friends I was a artist."

"An artist," she said correctly.

"I suppose you'll call him a superintendent."

"He's a very superior young man, and he lends me books of poetry."

"Whatever for?"

"Why, to read, of course," said Miss Brock impatiently.

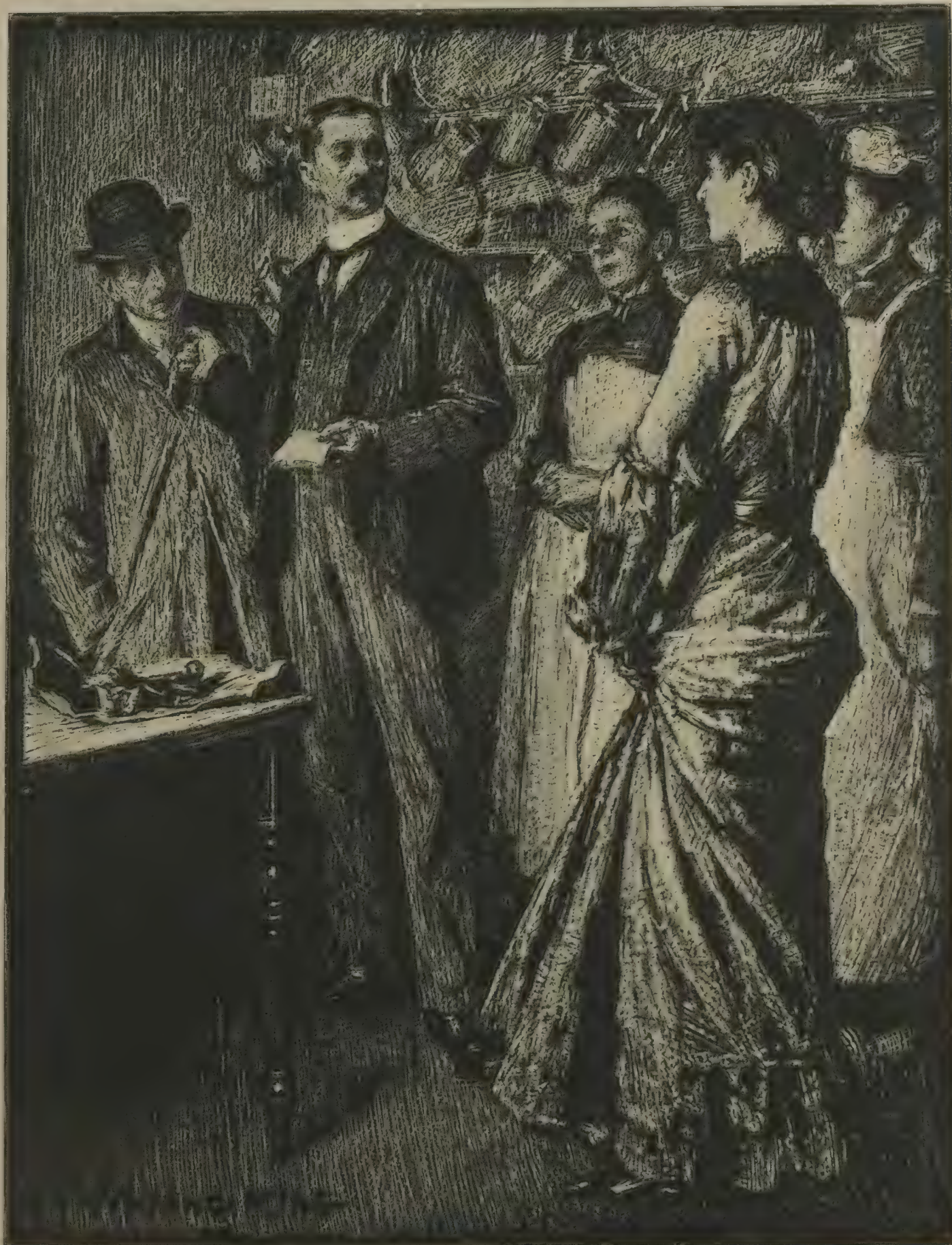
"And do you read 'em?"

"I don't say I go so far as that," replied the young woman cautiously.

"I like the idea of your young mistress," he said bitterly. "Won't allow followers to call, threatens to start off anyone who encourages one at a moment's notice, but lets brothers come as often as they like. With the result that—"

"We'll say good-bye here at the gates," interrupted Miss Brock. "I don't want them to see me with you."

"A awful shock for 'em if they did."



"In short, Ma'am, I have secured this person whilst he was on the point of escaping with stolen property in his possession."

She offered one cheek for a farewell kiss, but he did not take advantage of it.

"I don't suppose," he said, shaking hands clumsily, "that I shall ever forget you. If you should ever find yourself in a bit of a corner, send for me. Ta-ta! Be good."

He knew that she waited on the other side of the roadway, but he did not turn his head; instead, he walked steadily along the north side of the Park. He lighted a cigarette, but it went out because he did not give it his undivided attention, and having absently walked past the place where he usually took his one evening drink, he made his way to Great Titchfield Street, where he spent a mournful hour in collecting and packing up the varied gifts with which Miss Brock, during an engagement of nearly two years, had presented him. Miss Brock, it seemed, had laboured under the impression common to young women that one could not err in limiting her offerings to the paraphernalia of smoke, and these included two plush tobacco-pouches, one inscribed "Mispah" and the other "Forget-me-not," a cigarette-holder of something like amber, a smoker's stand, of which the great virtue and the great defect were that it came to pieces; two ash-trays of such an unpleasing design that they were called Japanese, a match-box, with a trick of opening occasionally; and a pipe-rack. All these he packed up. He wrote a letter upbraiding the young woman for her heartless treatment of him, and then treated it as one half of the letters written in this world should be treated—he tore it up into little pieces and threw them out of the window. He knew that his life would be very empty without her, and he could have wept quietly out of sheer self-compassion, but that a stronger feeling existed of indignation and annoyance. He sat in what his landlady called the easy chair, reviewing all the troublous circumstances, and tried to assume some of the blame to himself; but this he could not honestly persuade himself to do. Dozing presently, he dreamt that Miss Brock's precise young mistress, hearing of his trouble had driven round to Great Titchfield Street in an open carriage and four horses with outriders, and had caught him in the act of painting the name of Josh. Pillings over a shop at Highgate (to which place the scene unaccountably changed), and struck by the artistic beauty of the abbreviated Christian name, called him into the carriage, borrowed his flat pencil, and, writing his name and Miss Brock's name upon a special-license form, said to one of the three footmen in a commanding tone, "Westminster Abbey!" Twelve o'clock, announced by a church clock, succeeded in arousing him, and finding himself confronted with disappointment, and having anticipated rest by dozing in the chair, he went to bed and spent an open-eyed, perturbed, sleepless night. He arose quite early, wrote a few halting lines of poetry called "Farewell," and felt rather better.

That night at dusk, when his work was finished, and he had washed and shaved, he took the parcel and went by omnibus down to Marble Arch. He had thought of a stinging remark that he could give, in handing the parcel to Miss Brock at the area door—a remark to which there was, he thought, no possible repartee; but he decided that it would be safer to fire the shot and retire at once, because womenfolk were unexpectedly gifted at times in the art of retort. He turned up Clarendon Place, and outside the house stamped three times; the blinds were down in the kitchen, and no shadows appeared. He stamped again, and then, fearful of exciting suspicion in the mind of a tall man who stood at the entrance to the mews opposite, he opened the area gate and went down the steps. Apparently they were all upstairs. Having waited some minutes, he opened the door quietly, and was about to leave the package just inside when he found himself gripped by the right shoulder.

"Now then, now then, *now* then," said a thin voice; "what are we up to, aye? On the make?"

"Leave go of my shoulder," remarked Ted, "and I can explain it all."

"I know," said the thin voice behind him. "'Tisn't the first time, I lay, by a long chalk."

"First time of what?"

"Come inside," ordered the other exultantly. "If there's anything you don't understand, perhaps I can explain it to you."

Ted found himself pushed forcibly into the kitchen; the door locked behind him and the brown paper package wrested from his hands and placed on the white deal table. The tall man loosened the string, and as the smoking-articles fell clumsily apart he ejaculated "Ah!" in a tone of acute satisfaction.

"Be careful what you say," recommended the tall man in his high thin voice. "It'll all be taken down and used in evidence against you. I'm a detective."

"I could have guessed that," said Ted, "from the silly, idiotic way you're behaving. I've come here to see a young lady."

"Not a new idea," said the detective critically, "and sometimes effective. But no use in this case, my fine fellow."

There was a rustle of skirts and a sound of female voices. Entered cook (who was unknown to Ted), flushed

and indignant, the young mistress of the house, behind her Miss Brock in print.

"If you will allow me, cook," said the precise young mistress, "I will show you exactly how I want it done. You forget that before I was married I attended cookery—What does this mean?"

"Detective-Sergeant Eldridge, Ma'am," stepping forward; "brother to your cook."

"Oh, yes! You have called to see your sister."

Miss Brock caught sight of Ted, of the parcel on the table, and in her agitation swept a plate from the dresser.

"To a certain extent, yes," said Eldridge, producing a pocket-book and wetting his forefinger in order to turn over the leaves. "On the present occasion I appear here in connection with a subject or matter or affair—Cook in an undertone urged her brother not to indulge in too much cackle. 'In short, Ma'am, I have secured this person whilst he was on the point of escaping with stolen property in his possession.'"

"They're no more stolen than you are," cried Ted.

"I see," said Eldridge, humouring him and winking at his audience. "Come by in a perfectly honest way."

"But," said the young mistress perplexedly, "to whom does the property belong?"

"Belongs," replied Miss Brock, coming forward with an abashed look on her face "to me."

"To you!"

"I bought them to—give away as presents."

The young mistress took off her pince-nez in order to frown without inconvenience, and as she did so Miss Brock snatched the opportunity to send a swift glance of appeal to Ted; he received it with incredulity, and possessing a mind accustomed to move slowly, it was quite half a minute later ere he thoroughly comprehended. Meanwhile, Eldridge had whispered to Miss Brock. Cook, his sister, listened with pride of family on her round face; the young mistress inspected Ted curiously, as though he were something new in the Zoological Gardens.

"He says, Ma'am," remarked Eldridge, turning from the conference, "that he come here to see a young lady. Perhaps it wouldn't be troubling you too much to call all the young ladies of the establishment."

"You mean the servants?" The young mistress went.

"It is necessary," went on Mr. Eldridge in his thin voice, glancing round at his sister and at Miss Brock to assure himself that they fully appreciated the clever and business-like manner in which he was carrying on the proceedings, "it is necessary, even in the clearest cases, to proceed with something like order. Those of us whose duty it is to carry out the law—"

"I say," asked Ted lightly, "are you a magistrate or a judge, or are you only jest a common, plain-clothes, puddin'-headed policeman?"

"You'll know directly who and what I am," retorted Eldridge excitedly. "There'll be no room for doubt in your mind, my lad, when I've finished with you. When we say good-bye at the Sessions—"

"Get a good man to defend you," said Ted encouragingly, "and you may get off quite light."

"I've had 'em like this so often," said the other, turning to his sister. Miss Brock stood back, holding tightly behind her one of the white handles of the dresser. "I can see the workings of their minds, and I can foretell almost to a word what they're going to say next."

"Wonderful!" said cook, with sisterly enthusiasm. "How d'you account for it?"

"Partly it's a gift," explained the detective modestly, "and partly it's the result of experience. You don't seem interested?" he said, turning gallantly to Miss Brock.

"I am!" she said.

"It's painful, no doubt, to a young lady of refined feelings, but we, you see—well, we get hardened to it. Your mistress—"

"Here she comes!" said cook.

The young mistress, heading a small procession, returned, giving a look of nervousness at Ted, who stood, half diverted, half annoyed, at the end of the deal table. The servants, giggling, ranged themselves at the other end, and Miss Brock added herself, the only serious-faced young person, to the line.

"Now then," said Eldridge masterfully, "we'll begin at this end. Are you acquainted with, or have you ever seen before, this man?"

"I am very particular," interrupted the young mistress precisely. "If I found one of my servants encouraging a caller, or becoming engaged, I should simply send her off without a character."

"There's some," remarked the detective, glancing at Ted, "that would be glad to lose theirs."

Each girl answered in the negative, making desperate efforts in the presence of her mistress to repress amusement. The question came to Miss Brock, and Ted rested his fists on the table and leaned forward.

"Are you," asked Eldridge, in a more respectful tone of voice, "are you—excuse my putting the question—acquainted or have you ever seen before this man?" She did not answer. "You haven't, have you?"

"No!" said Miss Brock in an undertone.

Ted started back and stood upright.

"Now, you needn't say anything, mind," warned the detective, "unless you want to."

"It's all right," answered Ted quietly. "I'll come with you. How far is it to the police-station?"

The young mistress, with a sigh of compassion, marshalled her regiment, and led them thoughtfully from the kitchen, leaving the two men alone. "Quite a good face he has, too," said the young mistress.

"Yes, Ma'am," replied Miss Brock. "But you can never go by that."

The two men in the kitchen waited until the women had gone out of hearing; then Mr. Eldridge began to repack the articles on the deal table.

"Can I give you a hand?" asked Ted.

"I can manage, thanks," said the other.

"How much—how much do you think I shall get?"

"It doesn't exactly rest with me, but as near as I can fix it—say six months."

"Long time," said Ted.

"It may seem long, but it isn't really long. Ever been lagged before?"

"Never."

"Silly thing for you to do a trifling job like this," said Eldridge, opening the latest present—a cigarette-case.

"It'll be a warning to me," said Ted.

Eldridge peered inside the case, and, knocking it on the table, forced a card which it contained to dislodge itself. He took it up and read.

"What's your name?" he asked suddenly. Information given. "Commonly called Ted?"

"Ted for short," admitted the other.

"Look here, old man," said the detective urgently, "I want the truth now. Did you come here to see Miss Brock?"

"If you must know," he replied reluctantly, "I did."

"And these presents are what she's given you. This card is in her handwriting. She's broken off the engagement with you in order to—"

"You've guessed it," said Ted, "in twice."

"I owe you an apology," said Eldridge, with respect. "Very manly of you not to get her into a row."

"Let's leave the things here and slip out quietly," suggested Ted.

"You said just now," remarked the detective, as they went up the area steps, "that this would be a warning to you: I don't mind saying that it's going to be a warning to me. Have one of my cigarettes, old chap."

"Pleasure!" agreed Ted. "You have one of mine."

THE END.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The new Bishop of Melbourne is Canon Lowther Clarke, Vicar of Huddersfield. He was educated at Sedbergh School and St. John's College, Cambridge, and graduated as Seventh Wrangler in 1874. He made his reputation as Vicar of Dewsbury, a post which Bishop Walsham How conferred on him in 1890. It is only a few months since he became Vicar of Huddersfield. Canon Clarke is likely to have a very successful career at Melbourne. He is a Moderate Churchman of the type of Bishop Moorhouse, and takes a keen interest in education.

Canon MacDonnell has been buried near the grave of his old friend Archbishop Magee. He, more than anyone, understood and appreciated the brilliant Irish preacher, and their names will always be associated in the history of Peterborough Cathedral. His biography of the Archbishop was less lively than many people had expected, but their long and close friendship gives it a permanent value.

St. Matthew's, Oakley Square, N.W., is one of the churches which have declined in recent years. At one time its pew rents were over £700 per annum, but now the net income averages less than £150. The Vicar, the Rev. Henry Arnold, has resigned the living, and it is understood that he has accepted a curacy in Sussex.

The Temple Church will be reopened on Sunday, Oct. 5. During the Long Vacation the electric light has been reinstalled on a more satisfactory system.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan has been holding meetings in various London churches during September, and is about to sail by the *Campania* for New York. His preaching has attracted enormous congregations to the City Temple, and many of his English admirers have been asking whether he is permanently fixed at Northfield. Mr. Morgan replies that, for the present, he is likely to remain in America, as the climate suits his health, and he finds the work in every way congenial. President Roosevelt lately visited Northfield as the guest of Mr. Will Moody.

One of the ablest clergymen in the West of England is the Rev. Arthur H. Powell, LL.D., of Bridgwater, who has been preaching to crowded congregations against the Agapemone. Spaxton, the former headquarters of the sect, is only a few miles from the town, and the doings of the Princites always aroused a curious interest among Bridgwater residents.

The New Congregational Mission at Claremont Chapel, Pentonville, is to be opened on Oct. 2, and the superintendent, the Rev. F. W. Newland, M.A., is visiting the various London churches for the purpose of stirring up interest in this important scheme.

THE ALLEGED OCCUPATION OF KELANTAN BY THE BRITISH.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE DUFF SYNDICATE.



SCENES IN THE GOLD DISTRICT OF THE MALAY PROVINCE OF KELANTAN.

1. A GROUP OF KELANTAN COOLIES AND A EUROPEAN WEARING A NATIVE SARONG.
2. THE TRANSHIPMENT WHARF AT THE MOUTH OF KELANTAN RIVER.
3. CUTTING DOWN TREES FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A GOLD-DREDGER.

4. RECEIVING A BOILER FOR THE GOLD-DREDGER AT KWALA GRIS, KELANTAN RIVER.
5. THE CONSTRUCTION OF A STAGING FOR THE GOLD-DREDGER IN A SIDE CREEK OF THE RIVER.
6. KELANTAN COOLIES.



A SUBMARINE SEIZED FOR DEBT: THE "GOUBET" IN THE SAINT-OUEN DOCKS.

The "Goubet" submarine was recently sold by auction to help defray the debts of its inventor, who is stated to be ruined. For the purpose of sale, it was submerged in the basin of the dock, and was there viewed by possible purchasers. It was eventually bought by M. Marie for 45,000 francs.



THE VISIT OF LORD KITCHENER TO THE KING: THE ARRIVAL OF THE GENERAL AT BALLATER STATION.

Lord Kitchener arrived at Balmoral on September 17 to visit the King prior to leaving for India. He was met at the station by Captain Holford, and his Majesty's Guard of Honour was turned out, an unusual compliment.

Photo. Kissel.

THE SUBTERFUGE OF THE SUBMARINE.

DRAWN BY H. C. SPYRINGS WRIGHT.



A FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP MISTAKING BOTTLES FOR THE PERISCOPES OF SUBMARINES.

During the recent French naval manœuvres in the Mediterranean, the submarines adopted a simple but ingenious method of drawing the battle-ships' fire. The sea was stirred up by the submarines, the mouths of which alone showed above the water. These so closely resembled the tops of periscopes that the war-ships frequently made the mistake of firing at them, while the real submarines appeared unnoticed on the other side.

THE PRODUCTION OF THE AUTUMN DRAMA AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, SEPTEMBER 18.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.



CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS IN "THE BEST OF FRIENDS."

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO DENMARK.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.



THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVING TO BALLATER STATION ALONG THE BANK OF THE DEE, SEPTEMBER 10.

His Majesty and Princess Victoria were accompanied as far as Ballater by the King and the Prince of Wales. The royal carriage was drawn by four greys, and preceded by two outriders; on arrival at Ballater, its hood was lowered. Both the King and the Prince wore Highland costume.



THE KING IN SCOTLAND: HIS MAJESTY AT A DEER-DRIVE ON DEESIDE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.

THE BELIEF IN MIRACLES IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: SCENES OF REPUTED CURES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BAIN, NEW YORK.



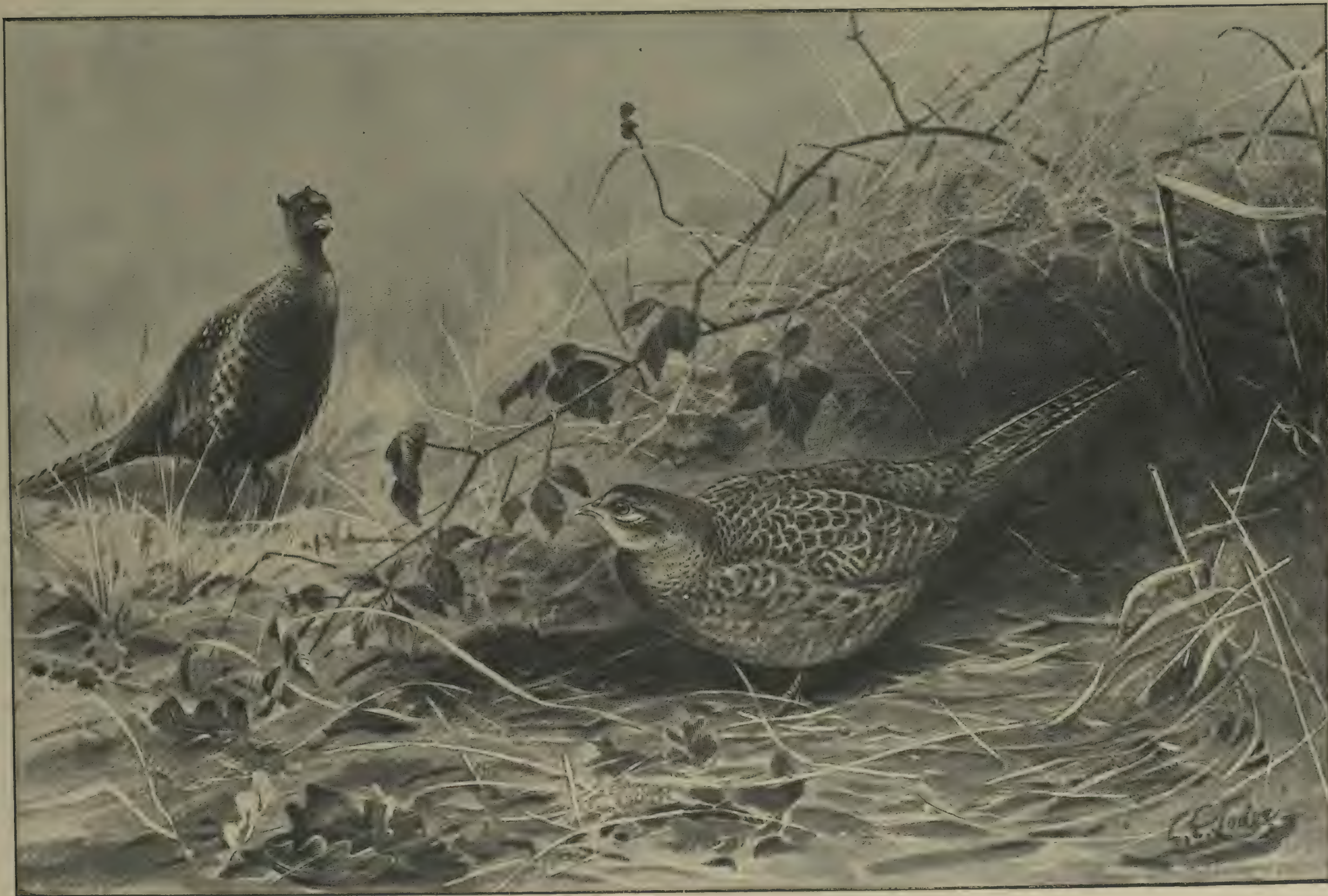
ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CHURCH, NEW YORK, WHERE MIRACLES ARE CLAIMED TO HAVE BEEN WROUGHT BY MEANS OF A RELIC OF ST. ANNE.

INVALIDS KNEELING AT THE ALTAR, AND KISSING THE RELIC OF ST. ANNE, ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CHURCH.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ, NEAR QUEBEC, VISITED DAILY BY TWO THOUSAND PILGRIMS.

CRUTCHES OF THE CURED AT ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

INTERIOR OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.



NEARING THE FIRST OF OCTOBER: COCK AND HEN PHEASANTS IN COVER.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

World Pictures. By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. (London: A. and C. Black. 20s.)
The Wings of the Dove. By Henry James. (London: Constable. 6s.)
The Sea-Lady. By H. G. Wells. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
High Policy. By C. F. Keary. (London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
William Hazlitt. By Augustine Birrell. (London: Macmillan. 2s.)
"Martello Tower" in China and the Pacific. By Commander F. M. Norman, R.N. (London: Allen. 10s. 6d.)
The Sheepstealers. By Violet Jacob. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
The Cloistering of Ursula. By Clinton Scollard. (London: Cassell. 6s.)

In Mr. Menpes' "World Pictures"—in which the drawings chat to one almost as familiarly as the text—we get glimpses of the near and the far—of England and of Mexico, of Holland and South Africa, of Italy and Japan; and incidentally, of Mr. Menpes himself as a child of



AN OLD-FASHIONED HEARTH.

Reproduced from "World Pictures," by permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.

Nature. "When I say that it was through a Sphinx at the British Museum that I decided on visiting Egypt, I may be accused of joking; but the statement is literally true. It came about in this way. I was at a big dinner-party, and felt, as one is apt to do at the end of a London season, the cynicism, the affectation, the insincerity of it all, and the absence of disinterested motives, with decency almost hidden." The feeling could not be shaken off, so Mr. Menpes went to the British Museum, sat before a Sphinx for some hours, and felt, after the company of the night before, "how clean and simple it was." Hostesses may not be flattered, but Mr. Menpes must be congratulated on the tardiness of his stirring from his young dream of a society in which is no guile. The public, too, may congratulate itself on the awakening of Mr. Menpes; for he left the Thames at once, and betook himself to the Nile, and we have, as a result, some drawings on which he expends the artifice which displeased him in those who devoted it to the arts and crafts of life. The convention which Mr. Menpes has followed, it seems to us, is that of *Vierge*, and he could not have done better. The black-and-white outline drawings are new to us from Mr. Menpes' pencil, and in these is seen the influence of the great master. When Mr. Menpes got to the South African veldt he had another mood. "I only know that it took possession of me, that it filled me with a sensation of joy and greatness, that it made me feel a better man." Some things, however, Mr. Menpes saw without any resulting moral revolution, with just the pleasure of the eyes in seeing them—as in Japan. "A gentle, rosy lantern, a luminous white iris, and a purple twilight moon—such things make the touching beauty of this ultimate East, where the temperate climate is unsmirched, the earth sweetly cultivated, the mountain forms [are] strange, and the sky that of the ocean-side of the globe." It is a book of impressions—made on an impressionable man who has the rare talent of being able to pass them on lightly, pleasingly, and sympathetically to others.

Mr. Henry James is a voluminous writer, but his work betrays no signs of rapid production. He becomes, if possible, more fastidious and abstruse. He is more than ever concerned with the infinitesimal shades of feeling, so that a perfectly ordinary conversation at a dinner-table is made to appear as if the persons engaged were exchanging the subtlest delicacies of thought. Every one of his characters is constantly examined by Mr. James through a microscope, and all the brain-cells, the minutest palpitations of the nervous system, are presented for the reader's inspection. It is beyond question an astonishing feat of literary art; but we fear that the substantial value of this method of vivisection is not in proportion to its elaborate penetration. When we know all the nervous systems down to the smallest particle, we are not conscious of an abounding wisdom. The characters do not live for us with a human interest commensurate with all this

labour. Nothing could be more admirable than the opening. Kate Croy has a scamp of a father, whose special iniquity is never explained. An exhilarating air of mystery surrounds this pleasant-looking old gentleman, who bluntly declines the companionship of his daughter because she has committed the unpardonable fault of making over most of her money to her widowed sister. You expect to see a good deal more of a man who is like a striking figure in Balzac, but he vanishes out of the book, and the slowly developing story concerns itself with the struggle of a consumptive American heiress to find the love which alone can prolong her life. What Mr. James does with this theme is simply marvellous. It is original; it is marked by exquisite sensibility; but the reader finds himself wrapped in clouds of gossamer, and longs for a good solid incident to give him a foothold and a resting-place. All the same, "The Wings of the Dove" is a book that should be read as a mental exercise. It should be taken leisurely and steadily for an hour a day. At the end of this treatment the reader may feel that his intimacy with Mr. James's characters has not made them very diverting company; but he will certainly feel that his own perceptions are vastly more alert.

Mr. Wells has done one or two quasi-impossible things in his time, and in his latest novel he has again achieved the unexpected by upsetting a favourite axiom of Charles Dickens'. "Easy writing," Dickens used to tell young writers, "makes very hard reading." It has remained for Mr. Wells to prove that, given the right subject, easy writing makes very delightful reading. It would have been impossible for any man to write such a novel as "The Sea-Lady" unless phrase had followed upon phrase, line upon line, and incident upon incident. Figuratively speaking, Mr. Wells wrote the story of the mermaid—who comes ashore near Folkestone and attaches herself to a middle-class family of unimpeachable stupidity—lying in a hammock. His eyes, probably, were half-closed, and by his side stood a table loaded with cool fruits and iced drinks. As a natural consequence, there is nothing strenuous in the book; one feels grateful to the hammock for that relief. The whole thing is just a brilliant bit of fooling, mainly satirical and occasionally pretty. Indeed, it is very much like Melville's flat—"light without being trivial, and artistic with no want of dignity." Occasionally the author allows himself to draw a little picture, and then he is at his very best. "One sees that bright solitude of the Leas stretching white and blank—deserted as only a seaside front in the small hours can be deserted—and all its electric-light ablaze. And then the dark line of the edge where the cliff drops down to the under-cliff and sea. And beyond, moonlit, the Channel and its incessant ships." The English novel-reading public does right to make much of Mr. Wells. It does not possess many servants who combine in themselves the talents of the story-teller, the scientist, the dramatist, and the poet.

"High Policy" is a society novel, but it is also something more. Mr. Keary's pages, do not, perhaps, flame and dazzle like Mr. Benson's, but they carry, often against one's will, the certain conviction that the writer knows his ground and does not exaggerate the extent of the evils upon which he touches. On the whole, this is a sad and sombre book, and if there be a remedy for ills such as overtook Cynthia Beresford, Mr. Keary apparently does not know it: we leave her, with her beauty fading and her heart unsatisfied, to expiate as best she may the fruits of her folly. The mental and moral deterioration of Mr. Herbert-follett, the rising young politician, coinciding with the growth of his passion for Cynthia, are depicted with great penetration. No disaster overwhelms him, to injure him in the eyes of his fellows; he seems, indeed, scarcely conscious of his own blackness; but the reader sees him, stripped of his first ardour, cut a very sorry figure at the last. His friend Cowley's more open viciousness seems almost like virtue placed side by side with hypocrisy such as this. But a brief notice like the present does no sort of justice to Mr. Keary's really great ability, or to his power of delineating character.

"William Hazlitt," by Augustine Birrell, is one of the "English Men of Letters" series, and it has the great merit, which all the volumes of the series do not possess, of interesting the reader in its subject. The objection will probably be raised that Mr. Birrell is wanting in the more solemn attitude of the critic, and the objection is just, no doubt, in the mouths of those who take the mission of the writer of such a book with excessive seriousness, and look to him for finality of judgment. But to those who expect only an individual appreciation, in which the contact of the biographer with its subject is the main element of entertainment, Mr. Birrell's book will not be a disappointment. In his treatment of Hazlitt the man, he is particularly successful; and it may be noted, as a minor excellence, that he has had no stupid fear of ample quotation.

That much-abused word "breezy" seems inevitable as a description of Commander Norman's new book of reminiscences. He describes a voyage in H.M.S. *Tribune* during the years 1856-60, which included active service in China and flying visits to Manila, Japan, and Vancouver Island. Though not professing to make contributions to history, he supplements in some details Admiral Kennedy's well-known "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor!" The serious interest of the book, we suppose, lies in the facts that it describes the period of transition between sails and steam in our Navy, and that it gives a vivid glimpse of some of our earlier Chinese difficulties. But its real value is that its author manages quite simply and half unconsciously to show what life in the Navy is. A better book for a boy we cannot imagine, and the grown-up person who cannot enjoy it deserves no consideration. In these days, when the quest for grievances is so widespread, it is very pleasant to find a retired sailor writing in a tone of consistent and unaffected good-humour of his past experiences.

"The Sheepstealers," which appears to be a first book, deserves a special word of commendation, for it only just falls short of being a really remarkable novel, and a valuable addition to the fiction of the day. Indeed, from one point of view, the book is a valuable addition to contemporary fiction, for it deals with a period of English life almost wholly neglected by the modern story-writer—that is, the earlier half of the nineteenth century. Miss Jacob conveys cleverly and clearly the atmosphere of those far-off days when, in the lonelier and wilder country districts of England and Wales, and especially in the border country between England and Wales, sheepstealing was still a problem which kept local magnates and local authorities lying awake o' nights. The first chapters in the book are by far the best, especially excellent being that entitled "Rebecca," in which is described with vivid realism the leader of the Caermarthen Rioters, who, assuming the old Biblical name of "Rebecca," appeared dressed as a woman, and, mounted upon a black horse, dealt woe and destruction to all those who attempted to impose on the poor wayfarer the Highway Act by which the already heavy toll-gate charges had suddenly been much increased. The plot of the "The Sheepstealers" is dramatic, well thought out, and well worked out, but the writer, unlike most modern novelists, seems to find it far easier to deal with the rougher elements of her story than with those which have for background a Rectory or Vicarage. Her farmer-hero is a living man, her young lady-heroine a puppet, and this is perhaps why "The Sheepstealers," notwithstanding its many undeniable excellences, is lacking in that indefinable quality which makes a story interesting to the reader, and makes him anxious to press on to the end. All those, however, attracted by old-world customs, and what may be called the human folklore of the earlier half of the nineteenth century, should make a point of reading the book, the more so that it is without most of the faults usual to a beginner, many of the descriptive passages being remarkably well written.

"The Cloistering of Ursula," by Clinton Scollard, is a romance of Italy of the Middle Ages. In the dedication the author warns us that the sombre rather than the radiant side of the picture is intended to be shown, yet hopes that we will be able to detect a few faint streaks of gold caught from the glowing sunrise of the Renaissance. It has to be confessed that the golden streaks are indeed faint and few, and that the shadows are sombre and, beyond all, sanguinary. It is the lot of Andrea degli Uccelli, Count of Castelpulchio, and of Ursula Allegretti, who plays heroine to his hero, to be thrown among a crew of the most bloodthirsty villains that have appeared in the pages of recent American historical romance—and that, we need not tell our readers, is to say much. As a matter of fact, even the hero and his comrades do not mind a massacre or two; and for the intermittent gleams that relieve the



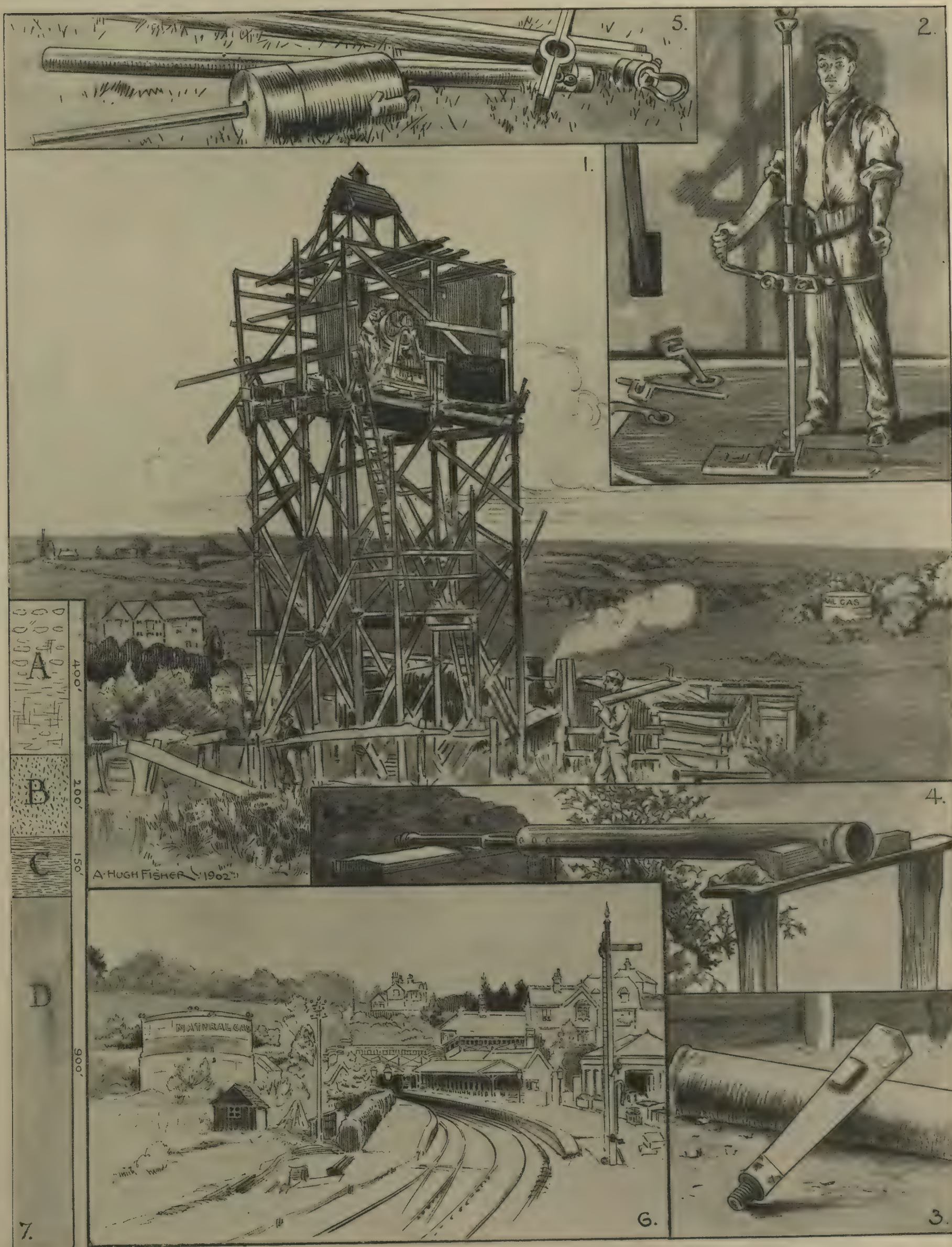
THE HOST, THE VINTNER, AND FRA DONATO COVERED HER WITH THE HUGE BOTTOMLESS CASK.

Reproduced from "The Cloistering of Ursula," by permission of Messrs. Cassell.

sombre shadows, we have only to thank Ursula, and a minor man here and there, who doubtless, did we know more of them, would discover that they had a little murder or so on hand between their short virtuous appearances upon the stage. But novel-readers these days, howsoever humane in their lives, have a decided taste for "strong" fiction; so we can promise an entertaining time between the opening betrothal banquet in the palace of the infamous Neri, and the ultimate cloistering of Ursula in the fair garden of Castelpulchio. We note, for a word of praise, some clever illustrations by Mr. Harry C. Edwards.

NATURAL GAS AT HEATHFIELD, SUSSEX.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. HUGH FISHER.



1. Derrick, with the engine-shed behind, and the "crab" or winch on the upper stage. In the lantern on top of this derrick a "natural gas" light of 1400-candle power was shown on Coronation night.
2. Chief borer rotating the chisel (3) by means of "tillers" fixed to the rod to which the chisel is attached. The chisel is raised or lowered by the "crab" above, worked by a belt from the engine-shed.

4. A shell with flap-valve, which is screwed on the rod in place of the chisel when the latter has loosened the earth. The shell is forced down, and when filled with loose earth, drawn up again, and the chisel replaced to continue the boring.
5. Lining-tubes, which are forced down the boring by the aid of the solid iron "monkey" shown in front. The "monkey's" tail is thrust into the end of the tube to keep it in position while it is being pushed down.

6. Heathfield Station, which has been lighted with natural gas for some years.
7. A rough sketch of a section of the earth at Heathfield showing—(a) Ashdown sands intermittent with ironstone bands and marl and bituminous shale; (b) Purbeck beds with petroleum intermixed; (c) Portland stone and sand; (d) Kimmeridge clay.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

With his usual eloquence, Sir J. Crichton Browne discoursed a week or so ago on the subject of "Dust" to the Congress of Sanitarians assembled at Manchester. The topic has always been a favourite one with sanitarians. They, of all men, know what dust means and implies in a hygienic sense. They appreciate the part it plays in disease-production, and in weakening much of the energy through which humanity is enabled to do its work in the world. The scientific aspects of dust, however, do not end with the consideration of its pathogenic powers. To the physicist, dust must ever form an attractive subject, seeing that many of the phenomena which concern him, from the blue sky to the volcanic dust sent forth from active craters and sunset glows, are intimately connected with the problem of dust-distribution. Cosmic dust also presents another phase of the same question. Our earth is perpetually receiving considerable accretions of new matter in the shape of cosmic dust coming from other worlds to us. This last, indeed, is our only source of income as a planet. Dust within us and dust without us therefore teach us the wide nature of the subject whereof the sanitarian touches but one phase only.

Still, that phase is of high import to us all. If we want an atmosphere or environment free from dust, we must seek it in the high mountains or in the open ocean. We may not escape all contact with dust even there, but if research is to be trusted, at least we may find an atmosphere in which one species of particles—germs to wit—are conspicuous by their absence. I find in one record that while over 80,000 bacteria per litre were found in the air of old houses in Paris, only six were to be found in the air of the mountain-tops in the same quantity. Other figures give us bigger amounts for the air of towns and cities. It is interesting to contemplate the effect upon us of being encompassed by this tremendous amount of floating aerial matter. We awaken to its existence when the ray of sunlight streaming through the chink in the shutters of a closed room reveals to us the cloud of mites and atoms dancing in the track of the beam. Those of us who have read Tyndall's volume, "The Floating Matter of the Air"—a book to be read and re-read with its charming account of the germ theory experiments—will remember his demonstration by aid of the electric ray of the same fact, that of the mass of suspended matter in the air.

Sir J. Crichton Browne sampled the dust found on the top of the wardrobe in a sick-chamber, and found it to consist of the various kinds of particles which science has before chronicled as comprising the air's floating matter. Much of the dust is mineral in its character. Some consists of infinitesimal shreds of our clothing. A proportion is made up of the "ubiquitous germs," of the pollen or dust of plants, of yeast plants, and of the spores of fungi. Starch granules there are, and fragments of our skin; and the worn-out cells of our tissues. It is truly a heterogeneous assemblage of atoms, this aerial dust, and reminds one of the Scottish opinion regarding the merits of sheep's head, which was to the effect that it was "a mass of fine confused feeding." If we turn to a manual which deals with the diseases that are incidental to certain trades, we will be sure to find a large portion of such a work occupied with the discussion of the ailments that arise from the inhalation of "dusts" of special kinds.

For example, there is steel dust, which works havoc in the lungs of Sheffield grinders. There is also coal dust, flax dust, hair dust, and stone dust, all playing a part in weakening operatives, and in cutting short the term of their existence. This record reads less terribly to-day than it did of yore, because mines and workshops and factories are better ventilated, and because other conditions of improved health have come into being. But the story of dust and disease is still an object-lesson for the people, in respect of the influence the floating matter of the air exerts upon their health. Happily for us, of course, many of the microbes carried by the air are of harmless character, though a moiety certainly represents disease-producing particles. The germs of tuberculosis, among others, are carried by the air; and smallpox similarly is spread through the atmosphere. Our foods are also liable to be infected, and there is no doubt that our lungs receive perpetually the complement of particles that appear to remain with us because there is no escape for them from our breathing organs.

If dust, then, represents a modern plague, and the state of our big cities in the warm summer weather amply testifies to the nuisance dust may constitute itself, the question of betterment and prevention remains for consideration. We shall never attain any success in the repression of dust till we cease huddling ourselves together in great crowded centres. There can be no hope of obliterating dust from our world, but we should be able to treat it, as we do the smoke problem, towards its repression and the lessening of its amount. Think for a moment what an increase in the number of open spaces in cities would imply. With the freer atmosphere we would be bound to rid ourselves of a large amount of the floating matter which, as things are, is pent up, "cabineted, cribbed, and confined" among us. With a better organised system of cleansing and scavenging, we should also repress the invisible dust-clouds which everywhere abound.

This is precisely where a better-ordered municipal life comes into direct touch with the public health. The difficulty here is to interest people in a question which scarcely appeals to them unless it is in the form of the dust-showers that annoy us. These are the least of the evils. It is the far more subtle unseen dust which afflicts and affects our health. Smoke and dust—and I will add unnecessary noises—all demand suppression in the interests of the sweeter life we all desire to live.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

S. ROBERTSON.—We regret we cannot accede to your request.

T. R. (Hackney).—Your failure to find a solution is one of the highest compliments paid to the problem.

A. HALL (Mumbles).—Thanks for your kind letter. We regret the problem you praise is unsound. As for the rest, you speak of the good old times that come back no more. People are frightened at such things nowadays.

H. E. KIDSON (Liverpool).—Your problem seems very promising, and worthy of the "old brigade."

P. H. WILLIAMS.—Thanks for the pretty position, which, if sound, we shall have much pleasure in publishing.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3037 to 3040 received from M. Sha'da Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 3041 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon) and M. Sha'da Ali Khan; of No. 3042 from M. Sha'da Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 3043 from F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells); of No. 3044 from Joseph Cook (Washington) and Frank W. Atchinson (Crowthorne); of No. 3045 from A. G. (Pancsova), J. Nelson (Glossop), Frank W. Atchinson, and F. J. Candy.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3046 received from Edith Corser (Reigate), Martin F. Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R. Worters (Canterbury), J. Walker (Perth), Joseph Cook, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F. J. S. (Hampstead), W. M. Eglinton (Birmingham), J. W. (Campsie), W. H. Bohn (Kyde), W. A. Lillie (Edinburgh), Albert Wolff (Putney), Reginald Gordon, Shadforth, Captain Henderson, W. D. Easton (Sunderland), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Charles Burnett, and Sorrento.

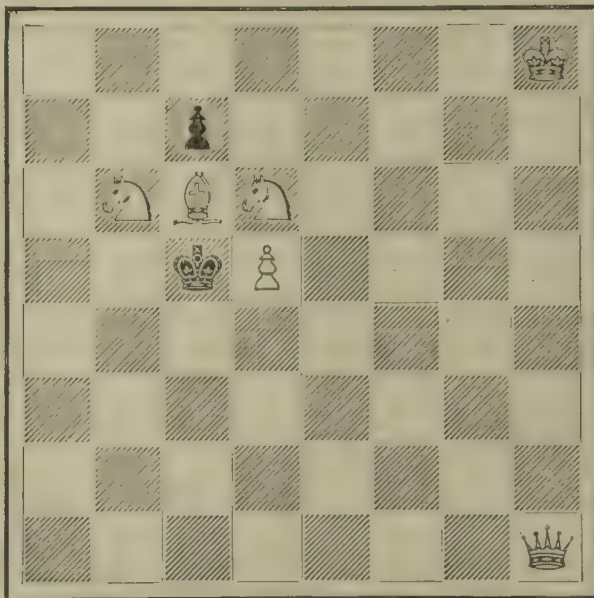
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3045.—By FRED THOMPSON.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to R 6th P to K 7th
2. B takes P (ch) K moves
3. R or Q mates.

If Black play 1. Kt to Q 2nd, 2. R to Q 6th (ch); and if 1. K to Q 4th, then 2. Kt to 4th (ch). Unfortunately, there is a commonplace solution by 1. P take, Kt, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3048.—By W. BIDDLE.

BLACK.



THE TROUBLE IN THE BALKAN STATES.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILL.



ALBANIANS FIRING A WARNING BEACON.

LADIES' PAGE.

There has been a good deal of blowing of trumpets at the annual meeting of the Sanitary Association, the credit of the lessened national death-rate being claimed for the workers in that association's ranks; and, of course, the medical officer of health has a right to much of the praise. But it is not to be forgotten also that much of the improvement is due to the better habits of the people themselves. Take women in particular: their dress nowadays is more



A SMART WALKING-DRESS IN DARK CLOTH.

sensible than it has been since the old Greek and Roman days; and we indulge in those vigorous sports that take us into the open air and conduce to health so immensely, as the modern treatment for consumption has indicated. With regard to our costume, small waists and all other distortions are out of fashion, and dress is protective, and save for the troublesome long skirts, which are eminently unsuitable for walking, there is no detail in which it can be complained about. Early in the last century, women were wearing low sandalled shoes so flimsy and cut down that a shower of rain reduced them to pulp, and a mud-puddle was apt to pull them off. They wore "new Greek" gowns cut to fit as close as possible to the figure, and low at the neck; some especially silly damsels used to damp their clothes so that the figure might be more closely outlined. Then came a period of wasp-waists. After that, about the middle of the century, little girls were not allowed any sleeves in their everyday frocks, except a puff at the shoulders, and wore low-cut necks even in winter—that one fact alone, I should think, was responsible for much of the mortality of those children, which was far larger in the middle of the nineteenth century than it is at the beginning of the twentieth. Altogether, I am disposed to think that it is in a large measure due to our own improved common-sense that we live longer than our ancestresses.

By the way, whose fault do you think the aforesaid wasp-waists actually were—men's or women's? I notice in the recently published letters addressed to the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, the mother of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, by the gentleman who was sent into France with the little Princess especially to watch over her and report to the Empress on anything that seemed needful, that in those letters the gentleman again and again complains to his royal mistress that the young Princess will not wear tight stays. Her figure gives him considerable uneasiness, and the cry of despair that comes from his heart is simply and always that the Dauphiness refuses to distort her form to suit eyes falsified by fashion! Folly in dress never reached a greater height than under the rule of Louis the Sixteenth's Queen; and it is curious to discover that her natural tendency was to ease and hygiene, and that she was drilled and reproached into the abnormally long and pinched stays that her "period" of costume displays in its portraits. Then, coming down to the present, I have heard a lady who brought her girls up on hygienic principles, without corsets and with abundance of gymnastics and open-air

exercise, reproached by both her husband and her brother because the girls' figures grew beautifully straight and strong, but in a natural and not distorted outline! So I fancy it is men who are responsible for this particular feminine folly; they prefer an exaggeration of the difference between the figure of the sexes in nature, and by their praise of the unnatural, and their direct, expressed dislike of the natural, they lead women into the folly of tight-lacing.

Truly, the more nearly the natural outline of the form is followed in dress, the better the artistic effect. This is why the hats of the present moment are so very charming. They are so low of crown and wide of brim that they do not hide or distort the shape of the head, and as there is no exaggeration in the coiffure also, the result is very pleasant. The feathers drooping down from the hat and showing behind the ear, or the lace falling at the back of the head, gives a touch of picturesqueness that is quite allowable, and almost universally becoming. Some of the new hats are provided with quite a veil to hang down behind, but there is no need to go to such extremes—a light fall of lace or one or two feathery tips are sufficient. Felt hats trimmed with flowers are plentiful among the models. One pale-grey hairy felt was trimmed with alternate groups of pink roses and Czar violets, and this was very effective; under the brim at the left side was a small bandeau covered with roses to throw up the shape a little above the face. A white soft felt with two sweeping black plumes down the left side of the back and round the front to the right, with a binding of black velvet at the edge, was as smart as it was becoming; a good ostrich feather has a distinction all its own, and immediately makes a hat smart.

Three-cornered or marquise shapes are still seen. Stiff wings are frequently used to trim these, and may be placed quite at the edges, one wing above each ear, the tips of the wings drooping over the brim of the hat. The hairy-surfaced felts, by the way, are called by the milliners, "zibeline" felts. Another of these, a wide, flat shape, was cream-coloured and edged with a roll of moss-green velvet, over which fell a little flounce of yellowish lace. A twist of green velvet, a big bright steel buckle, and a brush osprey upstanding at the left side, completed the trimming, while a bandeau under the brim, raising the whole slightly over the left ear, was finished off with a large bow of green velvet. Although the shapes are perfectly flat, a bandeau is usually placed inside to keep the head-covering off the face, and this is most becoming to women who have their hair waved and worn full in front.

Fruit is to be seen on autumn millinery, and is mingled with tinted autumn leaves, especially those of the bramble in their bright tones. Grapes are the special fancy of the moment. They are made in very dainty guise; green grapes with the bloom on their surface in particular are well copied. Quite good-sized apples figured on one chapeau, in company with cerise velvet and black lace, the foundation of all being folded dark red cloth. The last-named material is popular for covering toque shapes, and can be bent about to suit the countenance. The black lace passed carelessly round that particular red-cloth shape, and fell down at the back in a deep loop, that filled in the sides of the face very becomingly. While smooth cloth is most suited for weaving into shape as a toque, zibeline cloth is also taken advantage of, and has the special claim to notice that it will not spot if a few drops of rain should fall upon its surface. One toque was composed of alternate folds of grey zibeline cloth and dark red panne, and, fully trimmed with a rather bright red bird and loops of the red panne falling down the back, was successful. Velvet is always used for hats for the cool weather; it drapes so softly and prettily.

If abundance that reaches to the point of superabundance is justifiable, it is in the matter of the hats that a woman owns. It is essential that each costume shall have its appropriate chapeau to harmonise with it, and that any costume that is nondescript and in frequent use shall have plenty of different hats to wear with it to make a change. A little French friend of mine, when an Englishwoman said to her that there should be a hat for every gown, replied that *she* wanted a hat for every one of her own moods—and they were many indeed! At any rate, the hat, which is the crown of the costume, is also one of the most moderate in price of all the leading details, and one in which generosity to yourself is desirable. It is one, too, in which a good deal of latitude is allowed. Even now, if the flat shapes, the marquises, and the broad folded toques all fail to suit you, there are a few entirely different new models, showing the "jam-pot" crown above a wide brim, the height of which may please some countenances best, after all.

At a very smart dinner-party that was given at the close of the season at Homburg to the Duke of Cambridge, the table for some forty guests was in horseshoe shape, the host sitting at the inside centre of the bend of the horseshoe with his guest of honour opposite. At one of the smartest dinners that I was present at during the season, the tables were arranged in a star-like design, the guests sitting down each side of all the tables. Either of these is a good plan for placing a large number of guests so as to prevent any of them feeling left out in the cold or set down, to the offence of their dignity, into one of the lower places. But these arrangements are only possible in very large rooms. For more ordinary establishments and smaller gatherings, a number of separate little tables, each accommodating four or six guests, is a fashionable plan at present. The tables are numbered, and the visitors are given their number before going into the dining-room; the waiters, whether they be male or female, are also plainly ticketed with a number, so that a guest who desires to ask for any service may recognise the right person to speak to. The floral decorations can either be repeated on all the tables, or can be very successfully so arranged as to make a

scheme for the room as a whole, one portion of it on each table. Great scope for the hostess's ingenuity in regard to details, and especially in placing congenial guests together, is thus offered; and the conversation and waiting are both likely to be more successful as a rule than when a large party are seated straight along both sides of a long table in the centre of the room. Besides, many more persons can be thus accommodated in a given space.

Shiny silk gowns are seldom worn now at either dinner or luncheon parties, and we have therefore little opportunity of judging whether Bishop Wilberforce was correct when he answered an emotional lady who inquired solemnly of him at an inappropriate moment what his Lordship thought the most difficult act of right conduct in life. The Bishop gaily replied that "It was to keep a dinner-napkin on a silk-aproned lap." But amongst the little amenities of dinner-table life recently introduced is the use of silk serviettes—washing silk, as a matter of course—whose soft and clinging capacities would be acceptable even to a shining and stiff silk lap.

I dropped in a day or two ago at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishment at 143, Regent Street, and saw some charming new designs that they are preparing for the coming "little season." The days when smart people used to go away in August and not see London again till the following February are past—they were pre-railway times. Now there is nearly always a contingent of people in town—as the theatres have been showing—and in the autumn some of the pleasantest little parties of the year—the more agreeable because comparatively small—take place. For these, one needs fresh ornaments, and the woman must be hard to please who cannot find among the Parisian Diamond Company's new stock an embarrassment of choice in lovely designs in brooches, necklets, pendants, and head-ornaments that she will be delighted to possess to adorn her appearance. These goods are, it must be remembered, as perfectly artistic in design and finish as the most costly gems.

A long-felt want is met in the "Iceberg" butter-box, which does not require any ice to preserve butter firm and cool in the hottest weather, and, equally useful in winter, makes the butter secure against frost. People who have



A FANCY TWEED COSTUME FOR AUTUMN.

their butter sent from the country should certainly invest in one or two boxes for its travelling, and the "Iceberg" is invaluable also in the larder to keep the butter cool, sweet, and fresh, and free from all taint. The size for holding two pounds of butter costs only six shillings, so any housewife can afford to get a box from the stores or direct from the makers, 141, Queen Victoria Street, London, and by following the directions on the lid secure the comfort and healthful advantages of the "Iceberg."

Our Illustrations show fancy tweed gowns with basques. One is trimmed with bands of velvet of a darker shade than the tweed, and finished with fancy ornaments. The other gives us a darker cloth dress, with a *chic* waistcoat and sleeve-puffs of striped silk and cord ornaments. The hats are felt, trimmed with velvet, flowers, and plumes.

FILOMENA.

SERIOUS WORDS

Our century is the age of scientific enlightenment and research. We no longer accept the workings of the forces of nature as inexplicable. We seek for the motive power; and if we do not always find the right interpretation of various phenomena, we can generally give a plausible one.

One of the most brilliant achievements of science is the art of prolonging the life of the human species, that supremest result of scientific development; the art of pursuing a particular treatment that will keep the body in more perfect health, supply it with greater strength, and so make the individual happier. Hundreds of our greatest thinkers who are devoting all their thoughts to this great and mighty problem, are making it the aim of their lives; and although this branch of science, called hygienics, is still comparatively young, it can even now be demonstrated that the average life of man is longer than it formerly was. What a difference compared to past ages, when thousands of men perished from causes which we now consider as avoidable! And yet the most colossal ignorance, the most childish superstitions still amble, as it were complacently, hand in hand with this advance in reasoning power. We live in an age of contrasts, amongst which none are more remarkable than the spectacle of perversity, bred of ignorance and false traditions, sturdily holding its own against logic and ratiocination.

Even at present the greatest ignorance prevails respecting one of the principal problems of life—the proper care of that portion of our organism upon which depends the nourishment of the body, the purity of the blood, and the healthy condition of the nerves—our teeth.

But how shall they be kept healthy? With a tooth-brush and tooth-powder or tooth-paste, is the almost universal reply. And herein lies one of the most irreparable blunders of our time!

It has been long demonstrated that the teeth are destroyed by chemical and bacterial processes. A whole scientific literature exists proving beyond the possibility of doubt that it is impossible to

preserve the teeth without keeping the mouth antiseptically clean and in health, that is to say, free from microbes and fermentation processes.

But in spite of all this the majority of us confine the care of our teeth to brushing them with tooth-powders or tooth-pastes—as if the whole art of keeping the teeth in good condition merely depended on superficially cleansing them from impurities, just as dust is removed from china. The teeth are discoloured; attacked and ultimately brought to distress by something far more serious than dust that can be brushed off—by microbes and processes of fermentation. And it is necessary to combat these processes in the only way in which they can be combated—that is, by antiseptics and by *liquid* antiseptics that will wash the whole mouth.

Only a moment's reflection should convince everybody that one can reach the external surface of the teeth alone with preparations like tooth-powder and tooth-paste; but our teeth are not so obliging as to decay only in places which we can conveniently reach with brushes, powders and pastes. On the contrary, mischief mostly begins precisely in those localities which are difficult of access—such as the backs of the molars, in the interstices of the teeth and other cavities. Thus it is self-evident, that in order to protect the teeth from injury and to keep them sound it is absolutely indispensable to use an antiseptic *fluid* which will come in contact with all parts of the mouth and teeth, penetrate hollows, pass between the interstices, enter fissures, antiseptically cleanse the back of the molars, and, in short, be effective everywhere.

The necessity of this is also demonstrated by the fact that almost everyone who cleans the teeth daily with such antiquated preparations as tooth-powders and tooth-pastes has damaged teeth, particularly the back teeth. How many millions of teeth are yearly sacrificed to this childish method of cleaning?

We want a *fluid* antiseptic cleansing preparation which will wash the whole

mouth, reach the remotest corners, and by means of its disinfectant powers arrest the processes injurious to the teeth.

This result can be secured with absolute certainty, as has been demonstrated by modern science,* by the new liquid dentifrice Odol.

Odol is the *first* and *only* preparation for cleaning the mouth and teeth which counteracts the causes of microbic fermentations deleterious to the teeth. This absolutely certain effect, which Odol has been scientifically proved to possess, is principally due to a property which causes it to be absorbed by the hollows in the teeth and by the mucous membrane of the gums, so that they become impregnated with it. The immense importance of this entirely new and unique property should be fully grasped; for whereas all other preparations for the cleansing and protection of the teeth are effective only during the few moments occupied in cleaning the teeth, Odol leaves an antiseptic deposit on the surface of the mucous membrane and in the interstices of the teeth which continues to be *effective there for hours*. In this manner a continuous antiseptic effect is produced, by means of which the whole oral cavity, to the minutest recesses which it contains, is completely freed from all processes and bacteria which attack the teeth. It follows that everyone who daily and regularly cleanses his mouth and teeth with Odol will practise the most perfect hygiene of the mouth and teeth in accordance with recent scientific principles.

A flask of Odol costs 1s. 6d.; a large flask, which will suffice for use for several months, 2s. 6d. Procurable from every chemist. Only in cases when it cannot be otherwise procured, and in order to afford all an opportunity of testing for themselves the beneficial effects of Odol on the teeth and gums without inconvenience and at a minimum cost, the Odol Chemical Works, 26, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E., have decided to forward post paid a sample bottle (patent flask) in return for 1s. 6d. in stamps.

* We shall be glad to supply men of science, and any others interested in the matter, with treatises on the chemical and antiseptic properties of Odol, and extracts from the literature on the subject.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1901) of Mr. William Frederick Faviell, of Sandhurst, near Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 3, was proved on Sept. 13 by Frederick Henry Faviell, the son, Charles Edward Ellis, and John Anthony Kendrew, the executors, the value of the estate being £135,900. The testator bequeaths £13,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Edith Beatrice Phipps

plate to his son Frederick Henry; £500 each to Charles Edward Ellis and John Anthony Kendrew; and a few small legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third to the children of his deceased son Arthur Ernest, and one third each to his sons Frederick Henry and Charles Victor.

The will (dated Dec. 3, 1897), of Mr. Frederick Hetley, J.P., D.L., of Norbury Lodge, Upper Norwood,

his brother Walter and sister Ellen; £500 to the widow of his deceased brother Arthur; £100 each to his executors; and small legacies to nephews, nieces, and servants. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then in equal shares for his children.

The will (dated March 6, 1902) of the Rev. Richard Robbins Wolfe, Prebendary of Exeter, of Arthington, Torquay, who died on March 28, was proved on Sept. 17



GIRAFFES, PRESENTED BY COLONEL MAHON.



A GREVY'S ZEBRA AND FOAL PRESENTED BY THE KING.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LASCELLES.

The pair of young Giraffes presented by Colonel Mahon, the reliever of Mafeking, came by rail from Cairo to Ismailia, and were there shipped in specially made boxes. The Grevy's Zebras are those given by the Emperor Menelik to the King.

and Mrs. Iriez Blanché Ellis; £13,000 to his son Charles Victor; £16,000, upon trust, for the wife and children of his deceased son Arthur Ernest; £6000, upon trust, to pay £70 per annum to Joseph Smith Thornton, and subject thereto, for his granddaughter Marie Thornton; £3000 each to the children of his deceased daughter Nora Constance Lucas; £3000 to Alice Jane Phillips; £200 each to the Hospital, and the Children's Convalescent Home (Tunbridge Wells) and to the Royal West Surrey Hospital; £23,000 and his presentation

who died on March 13, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Anne Hetley, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate amounting to £119,554. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated March 14, 1898) of Mr. Edward Milner, J.P., of Hartford Manor, Northwich, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Sept. 16 by Leonard Goldsborough King and Alfred John King, the executors, the value of the estate being £68,591. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, Mrs. Rosa Louise Milner; £500 each to

by Walter Proudfoot Wolfe, the son, and Frederick Walter Blood, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £51,763. The testator gives £500 to his sister Isabella Blood; £300 to his brother Robert Wolfe; £200 to his niece Eveline Blood; £100 each to his executors; £100 each to his niece Mrs. McKern and his cousin Jane Bennett; £300 to his servant Eliza Welsman; his lands and premises at Cloughranke and Cloughpooke, Ireland, to his sister Sophia Wolfe for life, and then to his son John Edward;

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ft. in.	ft. in.	Guineas.	ft. in.	ft. in.	Guineas.
6	4 by 3	15	8	4 by 4	25
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8 ft. and 9 ft. sizes have six legs.

Solid Mahogany Legs and Cushions, Best Thick Bangor Slates, Fast Low Frost-Proof Cushions, Bolted (not screwed), Superior Billiard Cloth, Handsome Marking Board, 6 Cues, Ivory Balls, Cue Rack, Dust Cover, Rest, Brush, Iron, &c. Made to suit full-size balls if required.

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"A 5% solution of LIFEBUOY SOAP

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in five minutes;

Kills Typhoid Microbes;

Kills Diphtheria Microbes
in two hours; and

Kills Carbuncle Germs
in four hours."

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same time.

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Soap in the World.

and legacies to servants. His residuary estate is to be equally divided between his children.

The will (dated March 9, 1892), with a codicil (dated May 8, 1902), of Mr. Frederick Hill, of Ellesmere, Buxton Road, Macclesfield, who died on May 10, was proved on Sept. 13 by Mrs. Harriett Hill, the widow, William Sheasby, William Hulme, and Frederick Ralph Oldfield, the executors, the value of the estate being £23,646. The testator gives £100, all his interest in the leasehold premises in Hodgson Street, and, during her widowhood, an annuity of £300 to his wife; and legacies to executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated April 3, 1901) of Mr. John Borradaile, of 95, Priory Road, N.W., a director of the National Bank of India, who died on June 16, was proved on Sept. 8 by Miss Edith Frances Borradaile, the daughter, and John Osmotherley Borradaile, the executors, the value of the estate being £21,501. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and £4000 to his daughter Edith Frances; £5400 to his daughter Constance Vyvyan Borradaile; £2000 to his

daughter Alice Julia Harriott Reay; £400 to his nephew Oswald Robert Borradaile; £200 to his nephew the Rev. Vincent Borradaile; £100 to his nephew Herbert C. Borradaile; £200 to John Osmotherley Borradaile; £100 each

place of the slower horse-drawn machines. Messrs. Merryweather have just received from the Portsmouth Corporation instructions to build one of these motor-steamers, and Leyland, Lancashire, has given a similar order.

to seven grandchildren; and legacies to nieces and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughter Edith Frances.

The holograph will (dated April 15, 1902) of his Honour Judge Daniel O'Connell French, of the Bow and Shoreditch County Courts, of Leven, Arterbury Road, Wimbledon, who died on Aug. 4, was proved on Sept. 11 by Mrs. Jane French, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £10,252. The testator bequeaths his ordinary stock of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company to his sons; other stock of Victoria, the Great Eastern Railway Company, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, a policy of insurance on his life for £1000, and his leasehold residence, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his daughters; and the residue of his property to his wife.



Photo. Rooker and Sullivan.

THE WIDENING OF LONDON BRIDGE: BUILDING THE TEMPORARY STRUCTURE.

The widening of London Bridge is proceeding apace, and is eagerly watched by the curious. The great lengths of the temporary bridge are hauled into place by means of enormous cranes.

English fire brigades will soon be equipped with self-propelling engines in

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THE BEST FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Of all Chemists, in bottles, 6d., 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6 each.

AGAINST INFECTION.



Cocoa Economy—One pound of Suchard's Cocoa yields from 100 to 125 cups of good, aromatic, and delicious Cocoa, and only costs 9d. per 4lb. tin, 1s. 6d. per 8lb. tin, or 2s. 10d. per 14lb. tin.

CHOCOLAT SUCHARD

Plain Chocolate in Tablets.

BREAKFAST, FINE, SURFINE, & EXTRA FINE. For Cooking, Icing, or Drinking.

RUBY, FONDANT, DESSERT, A LA VANILLE, Are exquisitely smooth Eating Chocolates.

"Milka," Full-Cream

(HELIOTROPE & GOLD WRAPPER.)

A blend of Suchard's unrivalled Chocolate with genuine Swiss Cream and Milk. A choice Confection and valuable Food.

"Dujas" (Hazelnut Chocolate)

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Deliciously flavoured bon-bons—boat-shaped, each piece wrapped in silver paper, with name on.

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ART NOTES.

Comparatively little has been heard lately of Mr. Constantine Ionides's bequest of pictures to the nation. The terms of the benefaction sounded at first as if they were a little arduous; all or nothing of a mixed collection had to be accepted; and house-room was to be afforded without further parleying. Happily, no difficulty was allowed to frustrate the generous intentions of Mr. Ionides, and South Kensington now holds, or is making room for, these, over eighty oil-pictures, nearly four hundred and fifty water-colour and pencil drawings, and more than six hundred engravings and etchings—the latter including the handiwork of Rembrandt, Millet, Rodin, Legros, Whistler.

What makes the nation particularly fortunate in this new acquisition of artistic wealth at South Kensington is the fact that elsewhere—in Trafalgar Square, for example—the modern French school is most inadequately represented. Even the Wallace Collection does not go far to supply the deficiency, memorable as it is made by a superb Corot and a Rousseau that is almost without a rival. Mr. Ionides, if he sometimes allowed a passing enthusiasm to get the better of his excellent judgment, usually bought wisely and well, with the result that both Rousseau and Corot are represented in his collection, as also are Millet, Ingres, Courbet, Degas, and Lhermitte.

Mr. John Sargent, R.A., who has been having a short holiday in Italy, goes to America with a view to

superintending the final setting in the Public Library at Boston of his symbolic series of cartoons illustrating the religions of the world.

Two exhibitions are either open, or on the way to open, in which the photographer advances a claim, and most people will allow with success, to rank as an artist. The exhibitors at the Photographic Salon at the Dudley Gallery illustrate the "movement" by which mystery is to be given to photographs. But really mystery is not necessary to art—to the art of posing, for instance, which is the same art in the photographer's studio as that which in the painter's is more importantly called the art of composition. Proper to photography are clear outlines, and to produce a blurred effect is not in itself an exercise of the higher faculties of art, as there seems some danger of its being believed to be by the school of young photography. Mr. Craig Annan's portraits of Mr. Strang ought to be a corrective to the tendency for vague effects; while in Mr. Hollyer's effects there is atmosphere if you like, but no mist, no confusion, no uncertainty. The Royal Photographic Society follows on the heels of the Photographic Salon in the date of its holding.

The Gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society has opened its doors betimes this season in order to put on view the oil-paintings, mostly river-pieces, of the late Mr. Walter Field, who was one of the Society's Associates. Twenty years ago Mr. Field's large picture of

Henley Regatta had a vogue of the sort which sporting pictures, studded with portraits, usually secure; and this work, along with others from the same brush, will be sold at Christie's in its winter season.

The mosaic work at the Albert Memorial has fallen into slight disrepair, and now the whole of the edifice is surrounded with scaffolding, which will stand for the rest of the year. Foreign and other visitors may be disappointed with the obstruction which prevents their seeing the golden statue of the Prince Consort; but to the accustomed artist's eye there will be consolations in the fine effect always made by scaffolding against a London sky.

Canon Fleming is on duty at York Minster until the middle of November, when he will be replaced by Canon Watson. Canon Fleming is the senior member of the Chapter of York, having been appointed to his stall in 1877 by Lord Beaconsfield.

Princess Henry of Battenberg had hoped to be present at a cyclists' service held on a recent Sunday afternoon in the ruins of the chapel of St. Nicholas in Carisbrooke Castle, but at the last moment her Royal Highness was prevented from attending. An offertory was taken in aid of the fund for the restoration of this historic building. Canon Clement Smith hopes that in another year the work of renovation will be complete.

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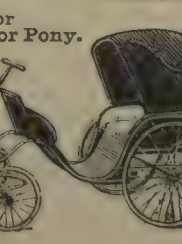
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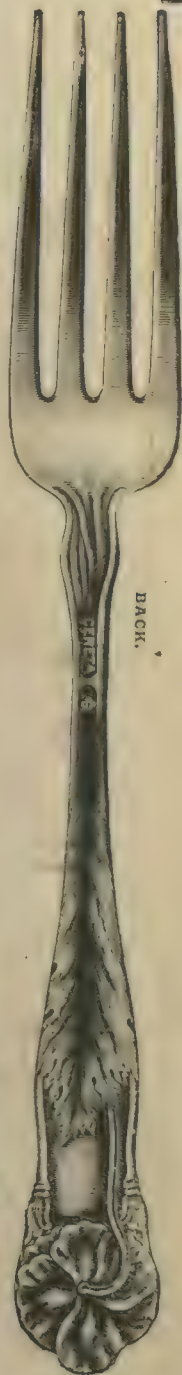
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BEST OF FRIENDS," AT DRURY LANE.

The functions of a Drury Lane playwright surely are to provide opportunities for the big spectacular effects necessitated by the size of his theatre, and to epitomise in (melo-) dramatic form popular impressions of the current year's absorbing topic. This autumn, then, Mr. Cecil Raleigh has selected for illustration the recent war, and has supplied, his difficulties considered, a treatment of his theme agreeably fair and respectful towards the vanquished party. Indeed, his two chief Boers, father and son, are quite the heroes of his story. The "Best of Friends" are, of necessity, a Boer and an Englishman, college chums made foes by love and war; and the impressive climax of the play shows a "last commando" compelled to surrender, and an unbending Boer commandant dying broken-hearted over the loss of his nation's freedom. This last scene, one of several vivacious war-episodes, makes a striking stage-picture, but the *coup d'œil* of Mr. Arthur Collins's latest production is a brilliantly lighted and panelled ducal hall, wherein at a Yeomanry dinner all present volunteer for the front, and the Duke's heir, after many humanitarian scruples, throws in his lot with the

fighters. There are, however, other sets calling for admiration—Oxford with the façade of Christ Church showing, the lawn and terrace of a country-house, besides a circus interior, locale of the final thrilling situation. Happily, too, by reason of his travelling circus (to which the heroine belongs), and more particularly thanks to a droll "artiste" whom Mrs. John Wood represents with infinite gusto, Mr. Raleigh has managed to get some real fun into his dialogue. Apart from Mrs. Wood's, the best acting at the Lane comes from Mr. Sydney Valentine, a capitally made-up and resonant Boer General; but hardly less good is Mr. Conway Tearle, cast for the General's son; while Mr. Reeves Smith lends distinction to the vacillating hero; and Mr. Herbert Standing as a comic servant, Mr. Lowne as Duke, Mr. Sydney Howard as villain, Miss Maude Danks as circus-girl, and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh as *intrigante*, work their hardest for what should be one of the most popular of Drury Lane scenodramas.

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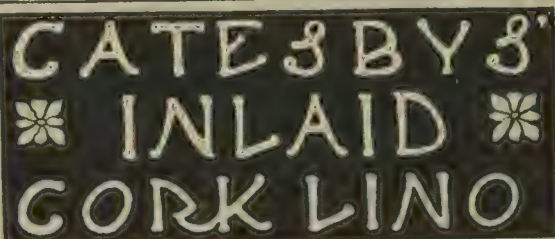
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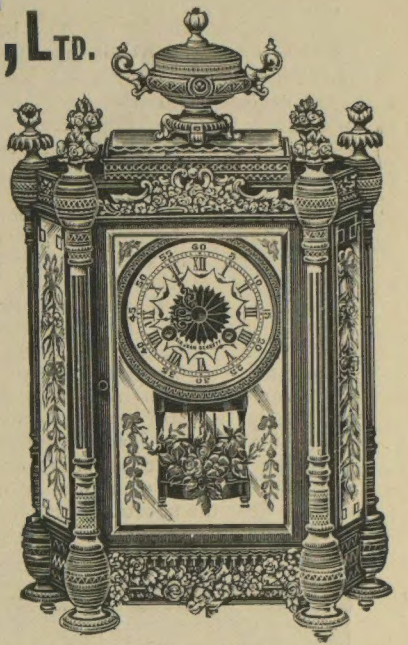
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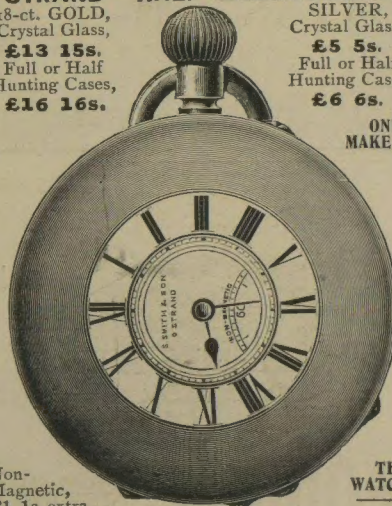
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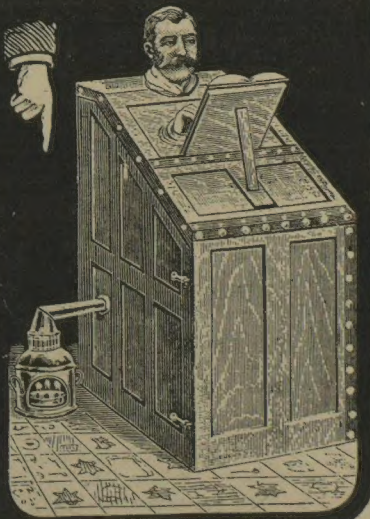
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companions seemed unchanged; there would be small likelihood of such a trick as hers escaping detection. But Valentine is made as theatrical as his partner; instead of surrendering to "Miss Livvy's" charms, he falls in love with Phoebe as he compares her repose with her "niece's" flightiness. Still, all defects of the story can be forgotten in the beauty of its language, the tenderness of its sentiment, the quaint, unconscious humour of its characters, and the delicious fun that leads up to its happy ending, especially as Mr. Frohman's Vaudeville production provides not only costumes and scenery, but also acting worthy of the occasion. Thus, Miss Marion Terry's portrait of Miss Susan is in its finished art absolutely perfect; and the impersonations of Miss Rosina Filippi (a confidential servant), Mr. Shelton (an Irish Sergeant), and Miss Henrietta Watson (an inquisitive old maid) could not be bettered. The hero is played by Mr. Seymour Hicks too noisily, but still very sincerely; and as for Phoebe—why, Miss Ellaline Terriss inspires her with a charm and a gaiety so bewitching that only occasionally is the actress's lack of emotional force evident, only occasionally does the spectator suspect that here is not quite the Phoebe of the author's imagining.

"WHAT WOULD A GENTLEMAN DO?" AT THE APOLLO. In exploiting the idea of an "outsider," associated with well-bred people and enamoured of a refined girl, Mr. Gilbert Dayle might, in his new Apollo comedy, have contributed an interesting study of a perennial type—he could have expressed dramatically the still existing influence of class prejudice; he could have exhibited the modifications of temperament resulting from contact with a higher environment. Instead, Mr. Dayle has treated his subject from the outside—nay, from the "bouncer's" standpoint; he has relied not on development of character, but on manipulation of (abundant) incident; he has kept his hero unaffected by his surroundings, and merely used him as a means of provoking at once the laughter and the sympathy of an audience. Dicky Hook, paying guest of a country family, not only releases his lady-love from an unwelcome engagement, but helps the course of true love. He extricates his gentleman rival from the scandal of an early indiscretion, and performs wonderful feats of chivalry before pairing off with a frisky girl—pal. In other words, "the rank is but the guinea stamp," and Mr. Dayle gives us the breezy, broadly humorous play of sentiment which might have been written

by H. J. Byron. It is capitally interpreted by Mr. Louis Bradfield and Miss Marie Illington, who as the kindly "bouncer" and a cantankerous-seeming spinster have plenty of funny lines; by Miss Nina Boucicault, Mr. Frank Mills, and Mr. Jack Barnes, who are allowed but scant chances; and in a modest way the author may be credited with having made a successful début.

Under the title of "The Phantom Millions," Mr. T. P. O'Connor has issued, through Mr. J. W. Arrow-smith of Bristol, a concise and excellent account of the notorious Humbert case. There can be few who are not interested in one of the greatest and most daring frauds of recent years, and Mr. O'Connor's little book should have a ready sale. It is published at one shilling.

Messrs. Brock more than sustained their high reputation as pyrotechnists at their benefit this year. The firm had prepared a gigantic £10,000 display for Hyde Park on Coronation night. Various circumstances caused this not to be given, but the best items were fired on the occasion of the benefit, and were enthusiastically received by an enormous crowd.



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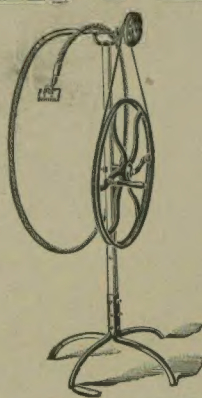
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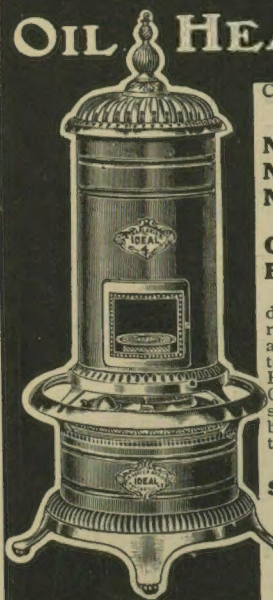
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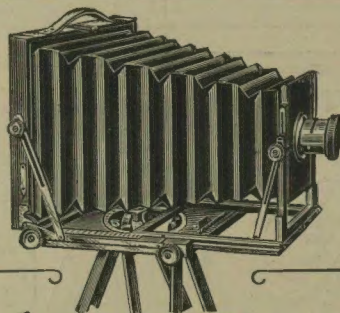
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